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AUGUST 13, 1968

'68' and the Convention
by JOHN DOS PASSOS
and MORRIE RYSKIND

NATIONAL REVIEW

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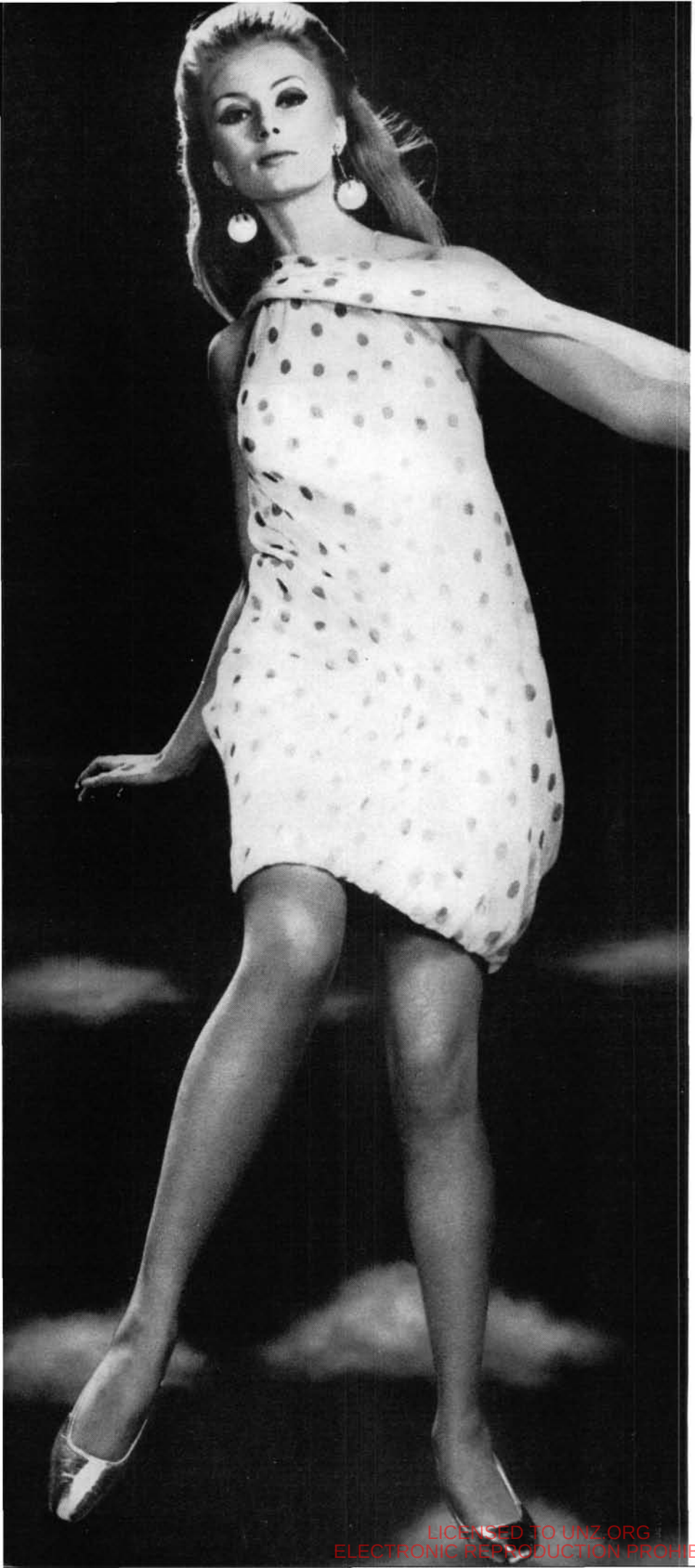

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When Hubert was a little boy he loved to play Napoleon

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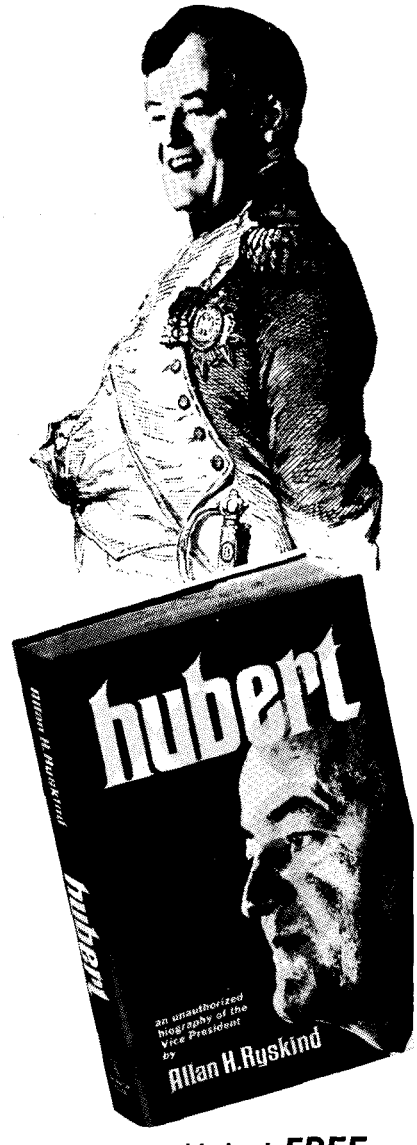

HUBERT

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HIS FELLOW SENATORS called him Gabby, Flannelmouth, Whippersnapper, Pipsqueak, even harsher names.

Lyndon, at least until yesterday, treated him like a cowhand down at the ranch. "Hubert, did I hear you belch?" so goes one of the stories floating around Washington. "No, Mr. President. Was I supposed to?"

Now he is being hailed, by ADA types with tired blood, as a moderate. Yet Norman Thomas once pointed to him as "the type of Democrat I like and one who would be a Socialist if he got to England."

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• The Evangelist of the Welfare State. Hubert urges price control, wage control, controls over medicine and the arts, a Soviet-style Seven-Year Plan for the farmers, a federal crusade against "noxious weeds," a federal "house gardening program to assist needy persons," and – we kid you not – a $50,000 government loan to boil potatoes.

• The disturbing background on Hubert's most infamous remark on race riots: "I've got enough spark left in me to lead a mighty good revolt..."

• Hubert on Communism abroad: "I would say that we have to keep in mind what Russia wants and needs."

• Something for everybody: Hubert's two positions on the Goldwater plan to let parents take tax deductions for education costs. His three positions on civil rights... two positions on the oleo tax... two positions on price supports... three positions on the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China to the U.N. (If you don't like what Hubert is saying, wait a few minutes...)

• For businessmen who are telling themselves that Humphrey is a moderate: how he compared the NAM and Communism.

• Hubert's subtle anti-Catholic propaganda.

His not-so-subtle anti-Catholic propaganda.

• LBJ and Hubert: their similarities – and their differences. Twice when Hubert went to the mat with Lyndon.

• Champ of the pork barrel. Hubert, in his first four months as Senator, introduces $22 billion in new spending bills. Humphrey votes on 156 money bills. Score: spending 156, economy 0.

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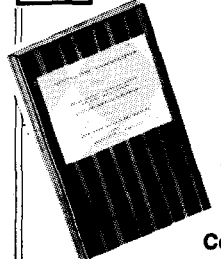

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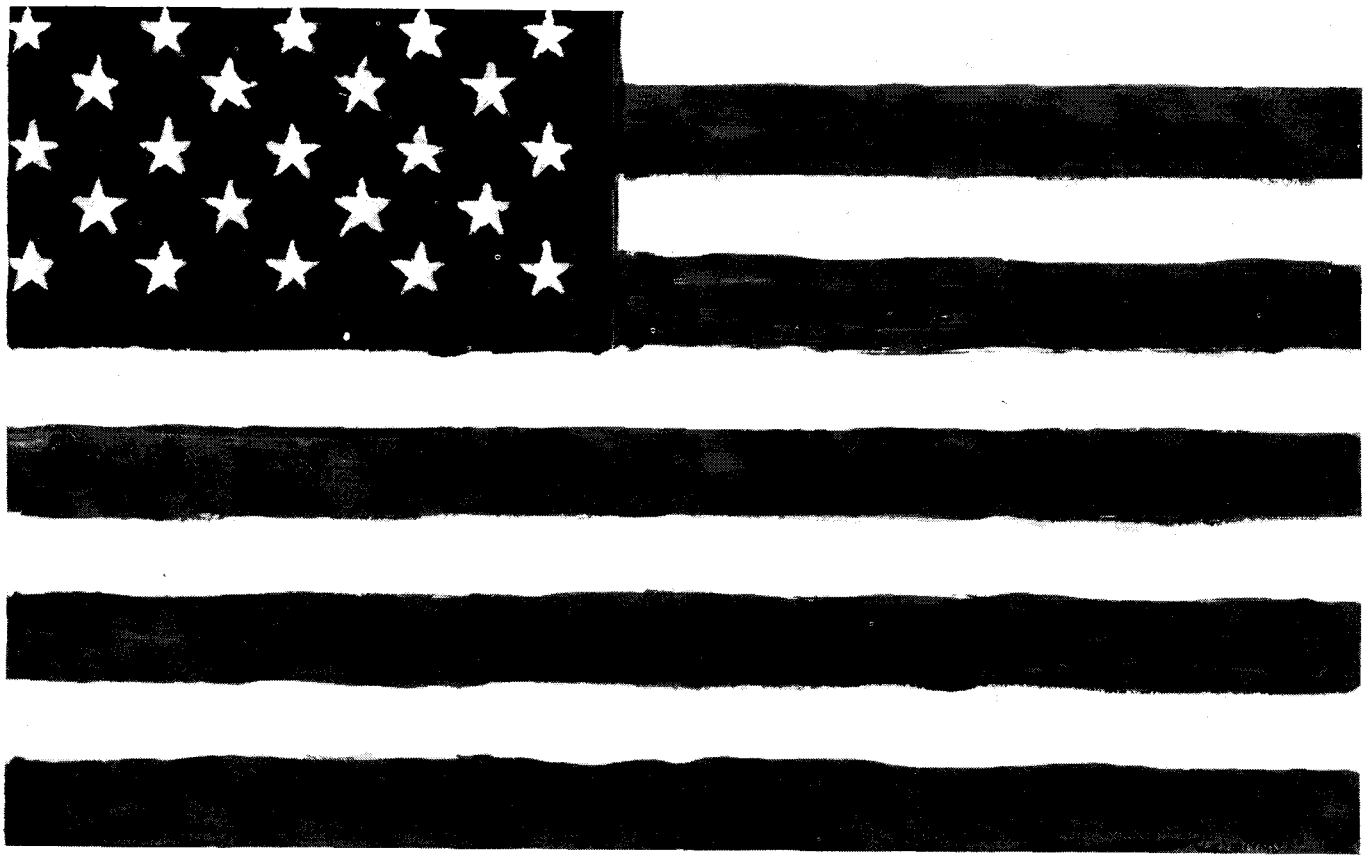

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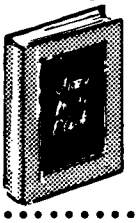

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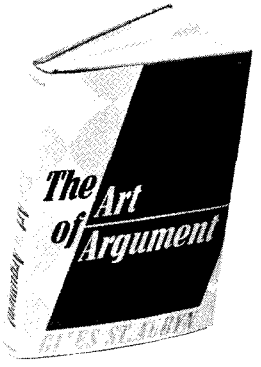

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IN THIS ISSUE

■ Mr. **John Dos Passos**, the nation's most celebrated novelist, writes one of his Olympian overviews on the American scene, of special point for the men and women convening now in Miami, later in Chicago, to make the most important decisions of the political year. It is time, says Mr. Dos Passos, for a return to the common sense which has always (and he speaks as a student of America's past) been the principal strength of America. . . . Mr. **Morrie Ryskind**, an associate since the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW, now writes a syndicated column for a number of newspapers. He is the humorist who wrote the scripts for many of the Marx brothers pictures, and earned a Pulitzer Prize in the early Thirties for *Of Thee I Sing*. He is still interested in politics, and takes the occasion to write stiffly and even angrily about the record of the Great Society. He goes on to make the point that it is just possible that Governor Nelson Rockefeller can cause a Democratic victory in the fall: by refusing to play the game. Mr. Ryskind is very wroth at the prospect.

■ **James Burnham** writes his own letter to the Convention, a letter giving his views on how matters now stand in Vietnam. . . . **Johannes Eff** is our very favorite mad poet. He is a professor of philosophy and obviously if he did not write occasionally his divine nonsense, he, and we, would go madder. . . . **James Lundquist**—now get this—is a) really somebody with a different name who b) is a student of philosophy at a prominent Eastern University, who c) is taking issue with Professor Sanders' hostile essay on Thoreau (*NR* June 4), but d) is afraid to sign his own name to the reply on the grounds that it might damage his prospects of academic advancement if he were caught writing for *NR*. Which means that writing for *NR* even in order to disagree with it and to praise Thoreau is net-dangerous. Got it?

■ In the book section, General **Power**, the trenchant hawk, greatly approves the new book by General LeMay, the trenchant hawk. . . . Mr. **Rusher** finds the new book by Governor Ronald Reagan positively divine. . . . Mr. **M. Stanton Evans** reports enthusiastically Mr. Daniel Mahoney's history of the Conservative Party of New York State, and warns ultra-liberal Republicans that. . . . **Richmond Crinkley**, who is now teaching English at the U of North Carolina, reports favorably on the new book by the English journalist (and deadbeat) Henry Fairlie. . . . And **John Kirwan** says that the film *2001* almost made it. If it had made it, we'd have sent Francis Russell to see it.

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"There's no use trying," Alice said, "one ca'n't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

Through the Looking Glass

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special counsel

an inside report on the senate investigations into communism ... by

william a. rusher

Publisher, NATIONAL REVIEW

To some, they are mere witchhunts. To others, they don't go far enough. Most Americans take a more balanced view, but still wonder: What are the Congressional investigations into Communism all about? How do they work? Do they really find out anything?

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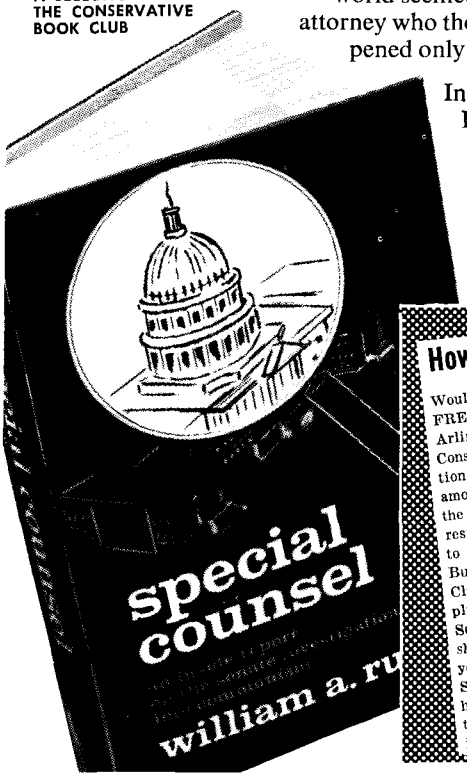

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LETTERS

A Bas Burnham

Years ago I swore a mighty oath never again to write for, in, or to NATIONAL REVIEW, but Jim Burnham's article "The New Left and the Right" (July 16), has dented that resolution. In criticizing my recent article in *Ramparts,* Burnham shows himself to be the living exemplar of why I left the right wing, and illustrates again a line in that article which he doesn't mention: "James Burnham . . . whose only hint of positive interest in liberty in a lifetime of political writing was a call for legalized firecrackers. . . ."

It is precisely because the right wing is now, as it was in 1790 and 1848, dedicated to the preservation of the "inherited structure" of "civilized order" that I am now on the New Left. Jim Burnham's Right is the oldest Right of all: the Right of Torquemada, of Louis XIV, of de Bonald, of Metternich. He can have it. As somebody who is a member of the Party of Liberty, I know that the Party of Order, our historic enemy, remains that enemy today. Burnham's beloved order is the despotic, frozen Order of State tyranny; I stand, in contrast, with that true order which emerges out of liberty. In the words of Proudhon, one of the Old Right/New Left heroes: "Liberty, the Mother, not the Daughter, of Order."

Burnham is also perceptive in stating the ultimate political test: "On which side of the barricades do you line up?" Looking back in history as well as at current crises, it is clear that Burnham and I are consistently and ever on the opposite sides of the barricades. Not only *vis-à-vis* the student revolution (which, Burnham carefully omits, also includes Prague, Warsaw, and Belgrade as well as Western cities) and in France where the anarchist-New Left revolution in embryo was scuttled by the Communist Party, but also in revolutionary situations of the past. Burnham is out there on the barricades of yesteryear, alongside Louis XVI, Charles I, George III, Metternich, Czar Nicholas, and Kaiser Wilhelm, always with the frozen, caste societies of the "civilized" Old Order. I can see Burnham now, also, helping the slave-masters of the South rounding up the slave rebels under Nat Turner. He is welcome to his glorious lost causes. As a libertarian, I am delighted to be on the other side.

New York, N.Y. MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Mr. Rothbard neglects to note—his depleted powers to reason having sunk not quite below the level of self-service—that

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his boycott of NATIONAL REVIEW *was instituted some time after* NATIONAL REVIEW'S *boycott of Mr. Rothbard was instituted. That happened some years ago, after the editors arrived at the melancholy conclusion that however shrewd or useful his occasional* aperçus *in economics, said editors declined to inhabit, along with Mr. Rothbard, the overcrowded quarters of Freak House. His current bender with the New Left is nowadays remarked only in the fever swamps of the humorless Left, and by a few humane lepidopterists like ourselves, who know (for instance) whose friend Proudhon ("property is theft") was; and who pause, every now and then, to desire for Mr. Rothbard a speedy recovery, inasmuch as his talents do not quite achieve, like de Sade's, such reaches as warrant a general indulgence in his present inclination to perversity.* —ED.

Herberg on Assassination

When a much hashed-over subject gets to Will Herberg ["Political Assassinations," July 2] it becomes an entirely new question, with a fresh and original approach which is a joy to any reader. The integrity of Mr. Herberg's writing always gets right to me. His conclusions are always completely justified and satisfying to a sometimes reeling mind.

Who else would put his finger on the true causes of the recent "political" assassination of Senator Kennedy?—"We are the most ethnically heterogeneous country the world has ever seen . . . every foreign quarrel becomes in some sense an American quarrel . . . the tensions out of which political assassinations come are bound to grow and multiply."

Mr. Herberg says he has been told this reflects a pessimistic outlook. Perhaps, but it is a truly realistic one. To use an old-fashioned word, his article was a great "comfort" to one who had just recently heard from her church pulpit: "The Kennedy assassination was not surprising: after all, our country was founded on violence, the dead bodies of the Indians, and for one hundred years the bodies of the black slave. . . . I will not say we are personally guilty but I will not say we are not."

You have my gratitude for Mr. Herberg's intelligent, lucid and original analysis.

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

Mr. Thoreau's Time Bomb

I am ecstatic over Frederick K. Sanders' essay on Thoreau and the civil social order [June 4]. It is unquestionably one of the best pieces I have seen in *NR* in five years of reading the magazine (Garry Wills' remarkable article on prejudice and the Negro in September '65 comes to mind in comparison). As one seeking to understand his relation to conservatism as well as to his contemporaries in this revolutionary age, I shall be undertaking a study of the relevance of conservatism to the

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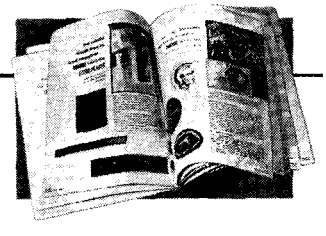

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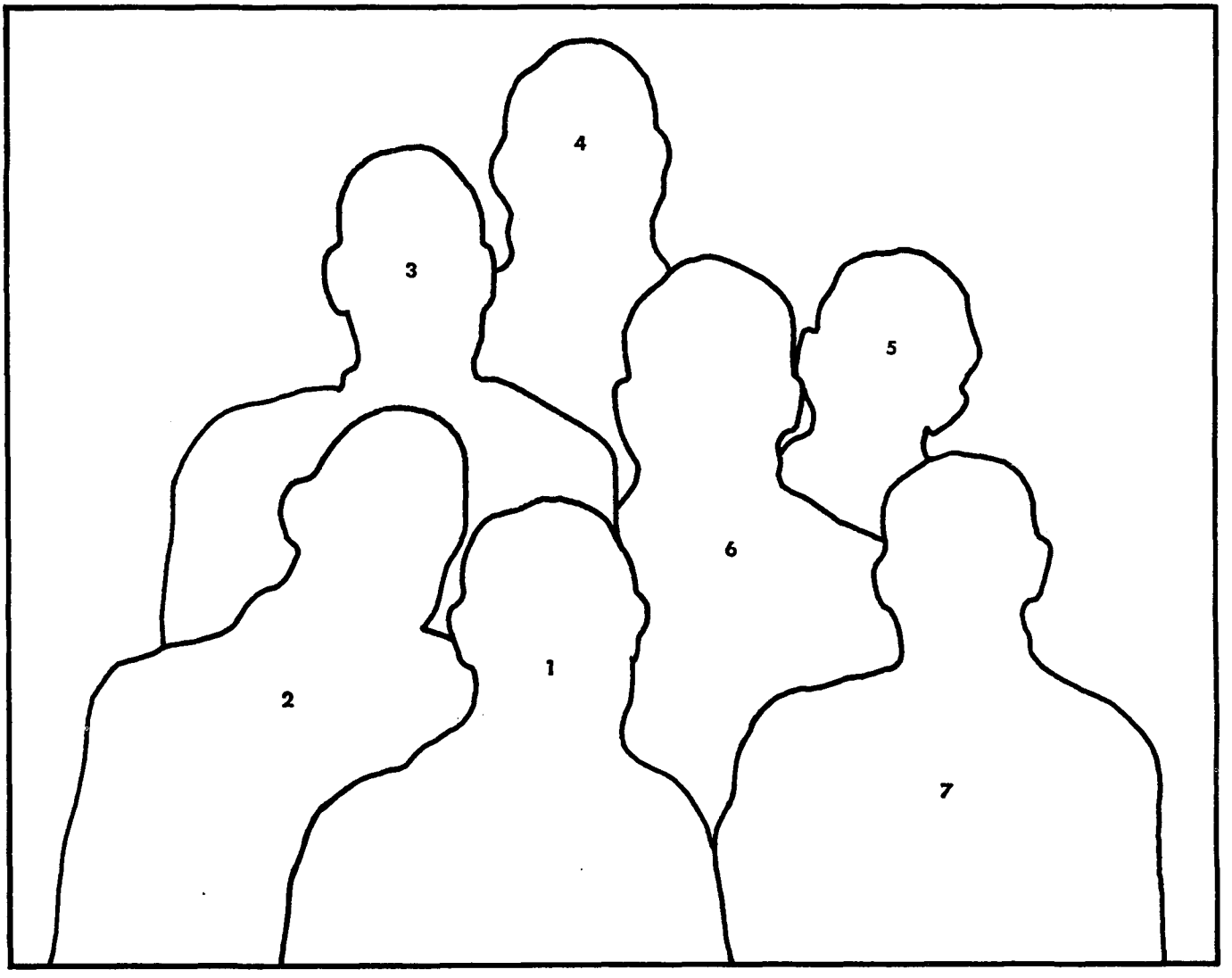

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American experience for my honors thesis in history upon my return to Amherst in September. Professor Sanders' articulate essay has helped to surface and to focus my own thinking, much of it stirring within the mind for months, though I am conscious of having barely begun my task.
Windsor, Conn. DOUGLAS STERNER

The Urban Negro

I have finished reading Jeffrey Hart's "The Negro in The City" [June 18] and have not found *anything* more positively satisfying on the Negro problem.

It would be a disservice to Mr. Hart, NATIONAL REVIEW and our millions of Negro friends—in the reverse order—if this beautiful article were not reprinted.
Lakewood, Cal. PHILIP J. FERGUSON

Goo

Your spoof of the Rockefeller ad campaign is in the fine tradition of conservative parody. Please rush me 100 copies. I enclose a check for $5.00. Cornell U. won't be the same!
Ithaca, N.Y. ROBERT BISSELL

My three-year-old son, Christopher, insisted I forward to you the attached coupons [Bazooka Joe and his gang] as his donation to Governor Rocky's campaign fund. After my husband had read to him Rocky's advertisement in the July 20 issue of *NR*, he became quite upset at the prospect of socializing with criminals two years from now in kindergarten. He has organized several of his neighborhood playmates into a "Tots for Rock" group.
Asbury Park, N.J. MRS. FRANK W. COOPER

. . . Frankly, we took a second look at the cover to make sure it wasn't *Mad* Magazine. Beautiful! Goo!
Sodus, N.Y. ELIZABETH R. KANE

Ad.
Great ad.
Sharp, clever, crisp.
I liked it.
Did Rocky?
Chicago, Ill. RANSOM CREEL

Didn't ask. —ED.

From one of the millions of Americans who bravely plowed through Rockefeller's broken-English newspaper ads only to be left wondering what the hell he *said*, thanks!
Brooklyn, N.Y. ROD L. BLAKE

Your "satire" on Nelson Rockefeller's campaign advertising certainly missed the mark, and was unfair besides. Mr. Rockefeller is the only Republican who has gone to the people and talked about definite issues. Why does this infuriate you so much? If all conservatives can do is mock, then I am glad to call myself a moderate.
Oakland, Calif. MRS. JULIET STEM

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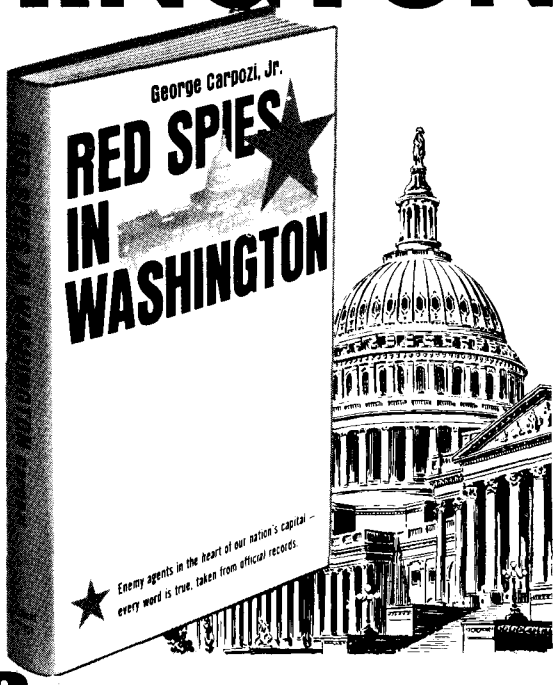
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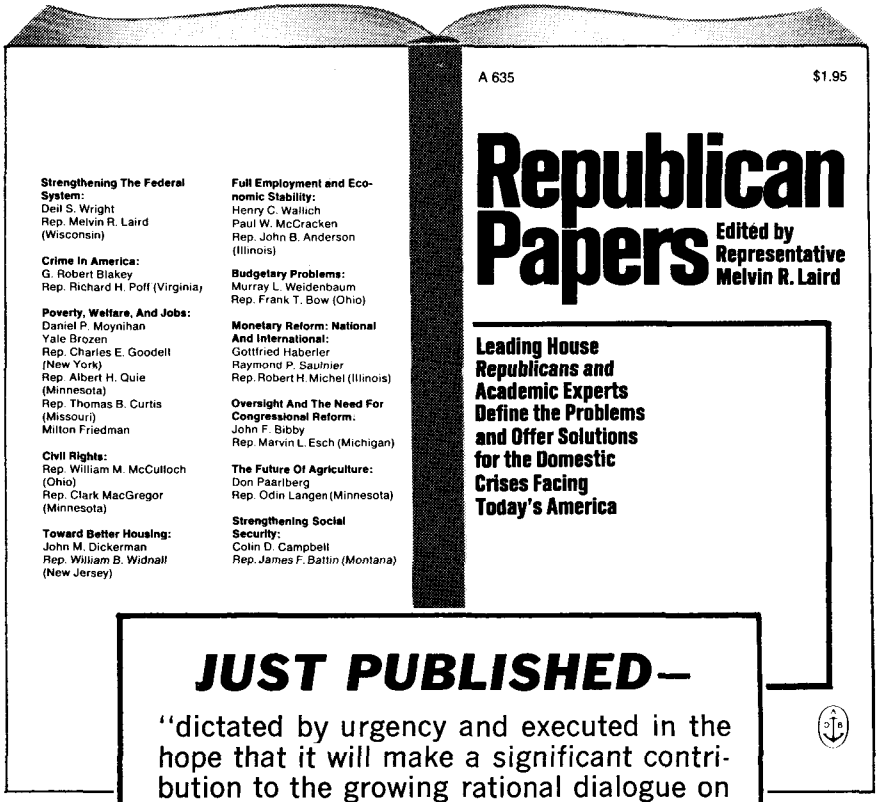
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THE WEEK

■ May we be struck dead, so help us, cross our hearts and hope to die, the *New York Times* of July 29, 1968, on page three, column two, paragraph six, used the word "ultraliberals." A reporter spotting the word dropped everything and sent out a ten-bell to the lexicographical community. But then he resumed reading and, wouldn't you know it, the *Times* contrived a context that robbed the word of all its joy. The Soviet Union, in its dealings with Czechoslovakia, is insisting on the removal from leading government positions in that country of the "ultraliberals." So that ultraliberals have now become the anti-Communists. So we can relax, after all: God's in his heaven, and the *New York Times* hasn't really recognized the existence of an ultraliberal.

■ The Republican platform is being written as we go to press and while it is unlikely that the document itself will provide any ideological disturbances, the process of drawing it up has gone so smoothly that 1) the Democrats are going to look pretty unruly when McCarthy and Humphrey start squabbling over *their* platform, and 2) the Republican candidate will look pretty good standing on a platform that satisfies liberals and conservatives—and sounds a lot more convincing than the Democrats' e.g.: 1) when it calls for law and order, to say the least, 2) when it calls for a swift and honorable peace in Vietnam, 3) when it reiterates traditional Republican solutions for the urban crisis—decentralization, local control, private initiative. Suddenly the GOP will find itself in confluence with what black Americans are beginning to believe; the Democrats, with their history of welfare gigantism, overspending, and overcentralization, will just sound old-hat.

■ A little frontlash wafted Hubert Humphrey toward the exits last week when forty to fifty—he said 15 to 25—black militants hooted him off a speaking platform in Los Angeles. Having more or less condoned lawlessness in the past ("I could lead a pretty good riot myself"), Humphrey should have taken the harassment in stride, which in fact he did, tripping cheerfully back into Watts two days later under the protective coattails of soul-singer James Brown. But California Governor Ronald Reagan, who has never had a kind word for rioters, thought the catcalls worth noticing. Reagan told a national TV audience that those who shouted down Humphrey show "a strange and disquieting similarity to the Hitler Youth of Germany, who disrupted political meetings and wound up being the jackbooted young monsters who broke in doors in the night and led to the Nazism we had to destroy."

■ As filibuster looms, some of Abe Fortas' friends grow desperate while others just get fed up. Attorney General Ramsey Clark clued the press in the other day: opposition to Fortas equals opposition to civil rights, see. A cheap crack, or can the A. G. read the minds of 34 senators? Including eighteen Republicans most of whom, responded Senator Edward Brooke (who plans to vote for Fortas), have voted down the line for civil rights and helped get open housing passed this year. Kentucky's John Sherman Cooper (who also plans to vote for Fortas) jumped in and denounced Clark's remark as "reprehensible." Earlier in the week, Paul O'Dwyer, the unemployed leprechaun who seeks the New York Senate seat on a McCarthyite platform, charged that antisemitism was "lurking behind all the mumbo-jumbo" over the Fortas appointment. O'Dwyer's Republican opponent, Jacob Javits (yes, *he* plans to vote for Fortas), denounced the charge as baseless and "very, very reckless." We have an Attorney General who should know better than to play politics, and a would-be senator who should know how to play politics better.

■ Following a speech by Senator McCarthy to the Oklahoma State Democratic Convention, entertainer Georgie Jessel commandeered the mike and let the delegates know exactly where *he* stood: "I want a country where people like Senator McCarthy can express their views, but I don't want to wake up and find a goddam Communist in front of my house. He [McCarthy] ought to hear captured Vietcong claim they're going to take Australia and spread their control over the world. I hate their guts."

■ The State Department, poor thing, is "disappointed" that three American captives allegedly freed by North Vietnam have once again failed to show up on the weekly flight from Hanoi to Vientiane. *Ramparts* editor Robert Scheer, whose wife is one of three peaceniks sent to North Vietnam to escort the men home, snarled that after all the release is "a concession solely to the American peace movement," and that the U.S. military would whisk the men away as soon as they stepped off the plane. He wants them to come to the States on a commercial flight (*via* Red China), so that they can hold a press conference on deplaning. Which 1) suggests that Mrs. Scheer and her comrades have the airmen well primed, and 2) demonstrates again that the enemy lets our people go only to serve his own purposes and those of his allies in the U.S.

■ When the El Al jetliner was hijacked and held in Algiers, one would have thought that a tough government like Israel's would have done . . . well, *something*: more, at least, than the little lisp-and-bitch routine that the U.S. used when the *Pueblo* was stolen. But Israel has done nothing, except ask the UN to convene, and it appears that there is nothing further it can do without seriously endangering the lives of the fourteen Israeli men still captive. The reason is simple geopolitical reality: there are 1,600 miles as the crow flies separating Algiers from General Dayan and his rumbling tanks in Tel Aviv, and a swift and clinical response—or even a slow and massive one—is out of the question. Surely the lesson in it all is that hijacks and thefts are averted less by the response

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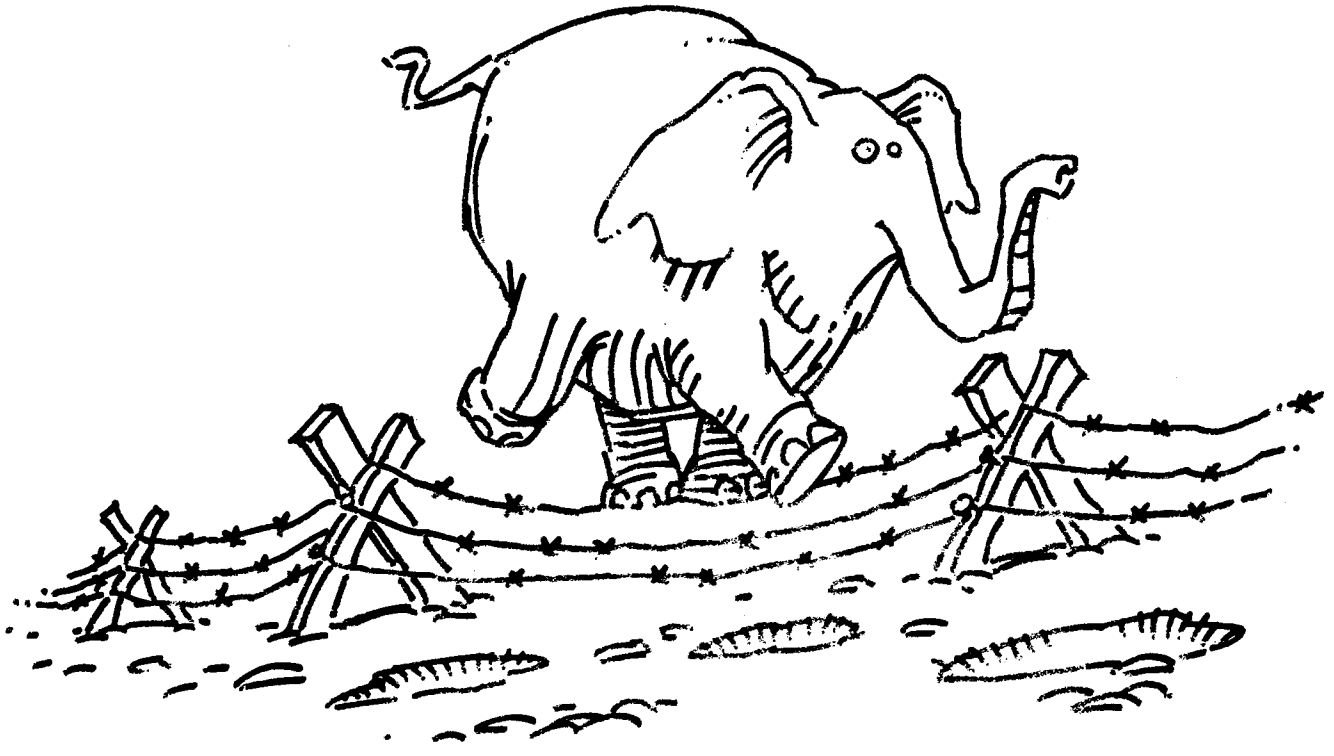
itself than by the clear and frightening certainty in the mind of the enemy that it will, by God, be made, as witness the fact that Nasser has never been as disposed to hijack Israeli jetliners as has North Korea—in the sure knowledge that only two U.S. warplanes were ready for conventional action over Korea—been disposed to steal U.S. ships. Which is the long way of saying when you get kicked in the teeth, kick back.

■ The Liturgical Conference, an association of lay Catholics, will soon meet in Washington to discuss . . . Actually, it isn't entirely clear just what it *will* discuss. The press handouts don't help, e.g.: "Because all things are good, because all things are more than they appear to be (they share a common eschatological mystery), our sacramental celebrations signify that matter is no alien creature. Rather, it is the raw material of our 'spiritual sacrifice.' " But hold on. Here's a clue. The titles of all eight general sessions and of all twelve workshops include the word "revolution." Floyd McKissick, James Farmer, Saul Alinsky and, yes, Herbert Aptheker will be there. *Benedicat nobis.*

■ Erich Fromm, author of *The Art of Loving, The Heart of Man* and other companionable treatises, has collaborated with Michael Maccoby, another psychoanalyst, on a neat little character test which aligns political preferences with fundamental "life-loving" or "anti-life" predispositions. The "life-lover" is one who is "attracted to that which is alive, which grows, which is free and unpredictable. He has an aversion to violence and all that destroys life. Thus he dislikes sterile and rigid order." Thus, on the Fromm-Maccoby scale, he's for ending poverty, stopping the killing in Vietnam, more foreign aid, and a guaranteed income. "At the other pole," pursue F&M, "there are individuals attracted to that which is rigidly ordered, mechanical and unalive. These people do not like anything free and uncontrolled. They feel that people must be regulated within well-oiled machines." And these are the folks who want to crack down on riots, drugs and Communists, and win in Vietnam. Guess how they all line up on the candidates. McCarthy gets the love-of-life vote—77 per cent. The radiance dims as we trip down the list: Rockefeller 46 per cent, Robert Kennedy (F&M took their poll before California) 34 per cent, Nixon 27 per cent, Humphrey (Happy Hubert?) 24 per cent, with Reagan and Wallace all tied up in the cellar at 20 per cent. Wonderful, the games science plays.

■ The *Christian Science Monitor* monitored 85½ hours of television last week and counted 84 killings and 372 acts or threats of violence. On a network breakdown, CBS won the least-violent tally but was denied the *Monitor*'s loving cup because "two of the most violent cartoons for children were on CBS. In a half hour, the 'Herculoids' raced through eighteen violent incidents during which twenty monster people of various descriptions were shot, vaporized or mashed." Perhaps Congress will provide Secret Service bodyguards for all monster people, and clamp down on mail-order sales of Zap guns.

■ William Shakespeare (for giving us Shylock) and Mark Twain (blame it on Nigger Jim) have already been expunged from some progressive public bookshelves, and so too will be the late Hugh Lofting, whose Dr.



Miami 1968

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Dolittle doesn't meet today's high-pop-ethical standards. An article coddled forth by the Council on Interracial Books for Children calls Lofting "a white racist guilty of almost every prejudice known to modern white Western man, especially to an Englishman growing up in the last years of the Victorian age, when the British empire was at its zenith." So some people wrote using the stereotypes of their age. Does it really make sense to snatch their literature from children's hands, and rewrite the offending lines? Run, minority group member, run. See less privileged youth jump.

1938. 1948. (1956). 1968.

The recreation hall where, at this writing, the Presidia of the Czechoslovak and Soviet Communist parties are meeting is only one front in the struggle between Soviet imperialism and Czech-Slovak nationalism. As the parties talk across a green baize table, in East Germany and Poland Russian troops are moving, very openly, toward the Czechoslovakian border. In the Socialist Motherland, reserves have been called up for full-scale maneuvers on a front that stretches from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and is within firing distance of Czechoslovakia. In the streets of Prague, meanwhile, unarmed citizens are reading a free press and signing petitions in support of a Communist regime that, rarity of rarities, enjoys the backing of an overwhelming majority. Their leaders have told them to prepare for the worst. The world watches. America squirms.

It may be that Alexander Dubcek will give in, now or soon, to Russian demands that he restore press censorship, halt the purge of Stalinists in party and government, and re-establish tight party control of the state. It may even be that the Russians will go home, pull back their troops and leave Czechoslovakia to seek her own destiny. But neither is likely. If Dubcek caves in, the populace will not let him stay in power: as a politician, he must have a care for the safety of his own position; as a patriot, he knows what the consequences of an all-out reformist uprising would be. And if Brezhnev and Kosygin retreat, Russia's prestige in the Communist world will suffer and the Warsaw Pact will be weakened, their own authority at home will be in question, and the virus of independence will spread—to other satellites, and perhaps even further (copies of the Prague newspaper *Rude Pravo,* full of calls for free elections, opposition parties, and removal of Stalinists, already pass from hand to hand in the Ukraine). Quite simply, the empire will be diminished.

What will probably come out of the talks at Cierna is a compromise that must, because of the dynamics of the situation, be unstable. Dubcek will reaffirm Czechoslovak-Soviet friendship, vow to stay in the Warsaw Pact, perhaps agree to fire a few reformists and keep on some Stalinists/Novotnyites (he has already sacked Vaclav Prchlik, whose proposal for a NATO-style rotating command of the Warsaw Pact angered the Russians). The final communiqué will give, at best, scanty hints of the agreement reached; we will know more after September 9, when a congress of the Czechoslovakian Party is to elect a new Central Committee. If the reformers prevail, then the Soviet Union's Cierna offensive will have failed (either that or Dubcek, having made concessions, will return home only to find that he is unable to control the congress). At this point the Soviet Union will be forced to move. But if the vote is a setback for reform, Dubcek will have to justify his deal to his people.

But until the reform movement is slowed, from within or without, Czechoslovakia will continue to slide out of the Russian orbit. The Russians are correct in reasoning that reform will ultimately lead to loss of control by the party. Dubcek believes that the Communist party can cease to be the instrument of a ruling political class, and graduate into a party that genuinely represents the people. But the people want opposition parties; can the Communists permit other parties to function freely, and will the other parties abide by the rules, contenting themselves with minority status? Will unfettered journalists and intellectuals willingly refrain from rocking the boat? It is unlikely that every single Czech and Slovak will conduct himself with the superhuman restraint that national survival requires.

So far, the Czechoslovakians have tiptoed along behind their leaders. There have been no Budapest-style uprisings—which is not to say that there cannot be a Russian invasion. So far, the Russians have played by Dubcek's rules, responding to limited pressures with limited counter-pressures. And they have played rather clumsily, issuing windy denunciations and ordering their soldiers to skulk around the countryside. As reformism gathers speed, sooner or later they will have to crack down. They may use economic pressure, as *Pravda* hinted in an article published as the talks began. →

The Mourners

In '48, when Masaryk
Descended (with a helping kick),
The liberals were simply *sick*.

In '56, when Russia's will
Left Budapest supremely still,
The liberals got very shrill.

Today, in '68, as Prague
Recedes behind the Russian fog,
The liberals are all agog.

Depend upon it: when Bangkok,
Arabia, Suez, Iraq
Are Russian, they'll go into "shock."

W. H. VON DREELE

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Without Russian oil, iron ore and wheat, the country would be pinched. (Its economy is already in trouble; "consumer socialism" is having a hard time getting off the ground, according to its mastermind, Deputy Premier Ota Sik.) But then the West, especially the United States, could reverse its discriminatory treatment of Czechoslovakian imports, and supply the country.

With economic pressure might come political subversion: anti-government propaganda beamed to Czechoslovakia from the Soviet Union; active encouragement of the deposed Antonin Novotny and his allies in the army and lower bureaucracy; provocation of incidents among workers angered by the layoffs and dislocations that must come with economic reform.

The other course is direct military intervention, *à la* 1956. The Russians, we are assured, Wouldn't Dare, Not Again. They would. Should the Red Army seem unwilling to undertake foreign suppression (as it did in 1956), the men in the Kremlin could import Mongols (as they did in 1956). World opinion would be aghast, for a while—but world opinion forgot Hungary within one year. Communist parties in the free world would be thrown into confusion—but the Russians may feel they can afford that, to preserve the empire they already have. And the fundamental fact remains: While it is quite possible that the Russians will subdue Czechoslovakia by armed force, it is absolutely inconceivable that the West will come to her aid. Brezhnev, Kosygin, Dubcek and everyone else know that.

Which suggests that the silent course followed by Washington in the Czechoslovak-Soviet dispute is, given our lamentable circumstances, a correct one. Since we cannot put up, we may as well shut up (although a token provocation, now that we are accused of provocation anyway, could hardly hurt). If Czechoslovakia survives, she will have done it all by herself, with a little vocal support from Yugoslavia and the bourgeoisified Communist parties of Italy, France and England and none at all from the governments of free men. If she falls, we shall be left with the knowledge that we built all the bridges to her conquerors, and gave her none to walk across.

The Encyclical

Since the appearance of the encyclical *Humanae Vitae,* a new saying, we hear, has being going the rounds in liberal Catholic circles: Mater Si, Magistra No. Conservatives may be tempted to take a little wicked pleasure in the discomfort of men who were in the habit of inching up near the region of infallibility every sentence, in an encyclical, that seemed to breed rebuke for capitalism or praise for "socialization." Now, on a point obviously closer to the Pope's field of competence, they are rediscovering the idea that encyclicals are not, of themselves, infallible.

But it would be a mistake to take this as a signal for conservative rejoicing. The Pope tried to accomplish three things with his encyclical: 1) settle the point at issue, the morality of contraception; 2) use this as a means of opposing the tide of modern immorality; and 3) reaffirm his authority over these matters. It is doubtful that he accomplished any of his objectives; and even those who are not interested in the first point must be vitally interested in the other two, particularly the third. Society in general is suffering a crisis in authority, for which the Roman Church serves, *a fortiori,* as a model: if one of the most ancient and revered chairs of authority cannot maintain its power among its own, then what pillars will remain unshaken?

Pope Paul apparently saw the issue in these terms and made it clear he was exercising his *personal* authority. He went against the recommendation of his own commission; he even quarreled, by implication, with parts of the Vatican Council statement on marriage. Moreover, he did this in an area where scripture is admittedly silent. His arguments are all made from the philosophy of natural law; and from a particularly circumscribed statement of that law, one which thinks of "nature" as a kind of sacred machine with which men cannot tamper ("the mission of generating life is not to be exposed to the arbitrary will of men"). This is a view *not only* opposed by most modern schools of philosophy (including some Catholic natural law philosophers), but contrary to all modern experience. Does a Catholic have to accept, as part of his faith, a particular philosophic school? The answer that history seems to give, and theologians have acquiesced in, is No, and even if a single philosophic discipline *were* implied in the Catholic deposit of faith, a pope has no more personal expertise in that specialty than he does in, say, economics. That is why even those who agree with the Pope on the morality of contraception may regret the grounds and the mode of his pronouncement. Indeed we think this is one of those many papal statements the Church will come, fairly universally, to regret—as it does the Syllabus of Errors. (We made this same prediction about *Mater et Magistra,* and were accused by *America* Magazine of an "unbecoming sophistication.")

The interesting question, then, is this: why did the Pope choose to assert his authority in this way, and on these grounds? The answer seems to be given in the black fatalistic mood of the letter. Government and the press exploit the individual; man exploits woman; age corrupts youth. The Pope seems almost to despair of the world, and to call, through the darkness, for a small remnant of the just to give witness with him before they go under. It is an odd document from the head of an institution which claims the gates of Hell cannot prevail against it. It reminds one of the "deaths" of the Church in the chaotic era of the early Fathers.

One student of that patristic era, John Henry Newman, came to the Church of Rome precisely as the result of his studies. He was accustomed to the spectacle of doubt and indecision in the Church. He was even censured, in his new faith, because he claimed that the *consensus fidelium* preserved Catholic truth during the Arian period, when bishops, councils and folks were wavering. The Catholic truth, he argued, is like a triangle whose base is

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Hold On

The author of the following communication was first introduced to the area he writes about when he landed by parachute behind the Japanese lines in Southeast Asia during the Second World War. Since then he has spent the major part of his time in Asia. He now resides in Thailand.

Bangkok

As the 1968 political conventions meet, they will inevitably reassess our policy in South Vietnam. A year ago the position of the United States and its allies in Southeast Asia had improved to the point where it was possible to look forward with confidence to stopping Communist aggression. Apart from North Vietnam, the governments of all the Southeast Asian nations were either friendly toward the United States or neutral. Our stand in South Vietnam had brought several waverers over to our side. In Southeast Asia's most populous nation, Indonesia, the Communists had suffered a crippling defeat; Sukarno had been removed, and the "confrontation" against Malaysia had ceased. Burma and Cambodia were learning—as India had learned earlier—that the Chinese are capable of attacking friends as well as enemies. The situation in Laos had stabilized. In Thailand American economic aid had set off a chain reaction of prosperity which, in proportion to the amount of money the U.S. invested, is probably its most spectacular achievement anywhere in the world. Our bombers flew in increasing force from bases in Thailand against targets in Vietnam, contingents of the Siamese army were fighting on our side in the Vietnamese war, and American advisors were helping the Siamese control Communist terrorism and subversion.

In Vietnam, although we could hardly hope to win a quick victory under the peculiar rules we had imposed on ourselves, we had reassured our allies and proved that a Communist conquest of Southeast Asia was not inevitable. Considering the difficulties facing it, the South Vietnamese government had become remarkably successful. The men that composed it had proved their courage by accepting office, for every one of them, from highest to lowest, was a prime target for assassination by the enemy. If they were not all models of virtue, a surprising number of them were honest and devoted civil servants who were not "newsworthy" enough to make the headlines. We had begun to realize that it was better to help the Vietnamese toward a government of a type which would be suited to their needs. In the battle for men's minds it was less urgent to guarantee perfect justice than to provide security against enemy attack. Though the Vietcong still held large sections of the South Vietnamese countryside, their hold was weakened by casualties and desertions; they were short of men and short of food; and the ruthless exactions by which they tried to replace their losses were embittering the peasants. In the pacified areas prosperity was everywhere on the rise. Our infrastructure, begun from almost nothing a few years earlier, had reached the point where our military superiority could start to pay off. The tide had turned. Success was almost within our grasp.

Today most of the favorable factors are still the same, but one thing has changed. Though the population of North Vietnam is less than one tenth that of the United States, and their resources a tiny fraction of ours, we are showing signs of losing heart.

According to one argument of the appeasers, the Tet offensive proved that we are no match for the enemy. Yet the Tet offensive, though it caught our intelligence napping and undid much good work that we had done, hurt the enemy far more than us. Their casualties were enormous, and their loss of prestige even worse; they had expected the people to join them in a general uprising which failed to materialize.

According to another argument of our appeasers, the United States is a merciless bully, immorally exerting the "arrogance of power" against a poor and tiny country which asks only to be allowed to settle its own affairs. This argument, besides being incompatible with the first one, is in itself muddled. A country, no matter what its size, is not a single organism with a will of its own; it is a highly complex structure whose affairs are settled by the interplay of various power-groups both inside and outside it; if those outside keep their hands off, the strongest power-groups inside it are sure to impose their will by force or get their way by consent. If we were to withdraw now, the Communists, with their superior organization and their utter ruthlessness, would be able to seize control.

It is the Vietnamese Communists whom we are fighting, not the Russians or the Chinese. It is they who are the backbone of the Lao rebels and the main instigators of terrorism in Thailand; it is they who are the spearhead of aggression in Southeast Asia. The Chinese are handicapped by internal troubles; but they and their allies stand ready to strike in the Himalayas, Burma, Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines and Korea; and a breakthrough by Hanoi would be the signal for them to do so.

The nations which would then be threatened include some which the United States is solemnly committed to defend. Honoring such commitments would be much more difficult and costly than winning the present war. Our appeasers might think it more moral to dishonor them and betray our allies one after another. Moral or immoral, the dangers of such a course are evident.

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now one line, now another. When the Pope's infallibility was proclaimed, he regretted the one-sidedness of this proclamation, its failure to stress the interplay of papal with other authorities. But the boat, he said, will right itself in time.

The Pope's commission on birth control was as close to a cross-section of the informed episcopacy, clergy, and laity as it could be made. It opposed, by a reported 80 per cent, the philosophy Pope Paul has decided personally to endorse. This is a time when some liberals will, as we say, rediscover the difference between an encyclical and an *ex cathedra* definition (they will find some helpful guidelines for this in back issues of NATIONAL REVIEW). Others may learn, as Newman did, how to disagree with Rome and yet be loyal. Still others, we fear, will use this as an occasion for challenging authority out of a growing compulsion to do that on all occasions. Men of good will, of all religions, should try to avert this with prayer and counsel—not merely out of partisan faith (that the boat will right itself), but out of a larger faith in mankind itself than the tortured Pope Paul seems to have. There is, Heaven knows, a crisis in authority. It is easy to understand how one of the last true rulers on earth should be tempted to cry out at the darkening modern world like King Lear. It is a time of rebellious Gonerils and Regans, in church and state and the home. That is why this is a time for Cordelias, for those who are loyal without obsequiousness.

Temperance Union

The Cleveland Affair

Two years ago, a grand jury investigating riots in Cleveland concluded that the violence had been "organized and exploited [by] trained and disciplined professionals . . . [aided by] misguided people, many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism, and some of whom are either members of or officers in the Communist Party." This conclusion seemed to be supported by a number of facts: for example, a young newscaster who had joined the local W. E. B. DuBois Club in order to get a feature story testified that the Marxist-oriented group "had long planned racial strife in the Hough area to further the aims of socialism": plans had been laid for fire-bombing, sniping and looting. On the other hand, there were unbelievers at that time, like Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, who testified: "There is no indication that these riots were planned, controlled or run by extreme left-wing elements."

Comes 1968, a new Attorney General, and new trouble in Cleveland. Three policemen and seven Negroes are killed in a firefight. The Negroes are armed with carbines, shotguns, pistols and grenades. Their bodies are strapped with bandoliers of ammunition. Gas masks hang from their belts. There is no spontaneous incident to trigger the battle: time and place are chosen by the guerrillas, and they hold the initiative for more than an hour, pinning down as many as two dozen police at a time. Black nationalist leader Fred Ahmed Evans (of whom an Army psychiatrist said thirteen years ago that he "will probably have severe difficulty in the future controlling his behavior") surrenders only after his rifle jams. "If my rifle hadn't jammed, I'd still be killing you whites," he says. "This was only a warm-up. This was only a preliminary to what is going to happen."

Two days before the pitched battle in the Glenville ghetto, the FBI and Ohio National Guard intelligence officers learned that an attempt would be made on the life of Mayor Stokes by black nationalists who consider him an agent of the white oppressors, and that violence was scheduled not only for Cleveland but also for the

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seven other most populated Ohio cities and Pittsburgh, Chicago and Detroit. Later, Phil Hutchings, program director of SNCC, called the Cleveland incident "the first stage of the revolutionary armed struggle." And Mayor Stokes, on TV, emphasized that it "was not at all related to any kind of honest reaction to an environment, not at all," but was rather "a planned, deliberate and previously contrived plot to damage."

But again, as in 1966, there were the unbelieving. Attorney General Ramsey Clark said in an interview, quoted in the *New York Times*, that the Justice Department had no evidence of any black power conspiracy in the Cleveland shootings but that what happened was the random act of "a handful of very extreme and violence-prone militants."

A random act? Who can know? The Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist branch) is still organizing "People's Armed Defense Groups" in Watts, and Los Angeles officials are worried, as are officials in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit and the seven populous Ohio cities. Black nationalist leader Robert Williams, founder of the Revolutionary Action Movement with branches in all the big cities, is still calling for violent revolution "that involves the total community, whether they want to be involved or not."

Following the 1966 rioting in Cleveland, NATIONAL REVIEW drew a general conclusion about race riots and who is behind them. "Clearly it must be granted that the riots would not have taken place except for the discontent of many Negroes, but it is nevertheless also increasingly clear that 'trained and disciplined' revolutionaries—Communists, Black Nationalists and others whose concern with the plight of the Negroes is minor and whose attitude toward them is little more than exploitive -have carefully and systematically heated this discontent to the boiling point and directed the resultant 'spontaneous' storm."

Notes & Asides

■ I have been sent a tearsheet from *West* Magazine (published by the *L.A. Times*), an excerpt from an interview with James Baldwin. I pass along one paragraph:

"Then there were the fabled debates with William Buckley, one at Oxford which Baldwin won hands down, with the first standing ovation accorded anyone in this century; one in New York which he lost because 'I was trying to do what Martin (? 'Martin' is not mentioned in the tearsheet) was doing, I still hoped one could make people listen. But Bill's a bully, he can't listen, he uses weapons I simply won't use. I said people who live in the ghetto don't own it, it's white people's property. *I* know who owns Harlem. He said, 'Do the landlords tippy-toe uptown and throw the garbage out the windows?' And I tuned out. If a cat said that to me in life, I'd simply beat the hell out of him. He was saying Negroes deserved their fate, they stink. To my eternal dishonor, I cooled it, I drew back and I lost the debate. I *should* have beat him over the head with the coffee cup. He's not a serious man. He's the intellectuals' James Bond."

1) It was Cambridge, not Oxford. 2) It was billed as a debate, but wasn't one, really. Mr. Baldwin delivered a set speech, uninterrupted by questions, sat down, and never raised his voice again. He received the standing ovation before I had uttered a single word. With my genius for ingratiation, I pointed out to the young English bloods that their reception of Mr. Baldwin, coupled with their demonstrated ignorance of his work either in fiction or as an essayist, neatly demonstrated their penchant to patronize Mr. Baldwin because he is i) Negro, ii) an intellectual and iii) anti-American. I subsequently lost the popular vote by approximately 3-1; but I won a whole lot of other things. 3) It isn't clear just what are the weapons that Mr. Baldwin is *not* prepared to use. For instance, he has written that the only thing that white people have that Negroes should want, is power. He finds America racked by hatred, empty of generosity, mad with sexual envy, besotted by Christian superstition. Christ was a "sunbaked Hebrew fanatic." I cannot think of any "weapons" of a complementary sort that I have ever even considered using against the Negro race or Negro culture. 4) Mr. Baldwin is visibly unhappy with the logical limitations of his own analysis. The throwing of garbage outside one's window or into one's own backyard is a sign of demoralization and/or sloppiness, altogether extra-racial (Peter Stuyvesant complained in the seventeenth century about the practice in Manhattan). Mr. Baldwin's resentment at attention being drawn to the limitations of his social analysis is an index rather of his paranoia, than of other people's sadistic racism. 5) It is not necessarily a pity that he should have experienced the temptation to physical violence, but it is a pity that he should now regret that he suppressed that temptation, thus associating himself with that regrettable class of people in the South who are quoted, mostly in fiction to be sure, as believing that the way to argue with dissidents is to "beat the brains out of that uppity nigger." No doubt Mr. Baldwin, who is disposed to use coffee cups to drive home his points, could learn how best to use them by carefully studying the reflexes of James Bond.

■ A volume has just been published: "Best Magazine Articles: 1968," edited by Gerald Walker and published by Crown. It includes "Chuck Percy, Political Twiggy" by Garry Wills, published in *NR* in the spring of 1967 . . . *Pravda* has attacked *NR* as the "theoretician of the ultras" . . . The Bicycle Institute of America (122 East 42nd St., New York 10017) is publishing a newsletter entitled "Boom in Bikeways," suggesting that the bikeway is surely coming one day. Who knows, maybe one day it will be possible to go to work in New York City on your bicycle. **—W.F.B.**

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JAMES BURNHAM

AN HONORABLE PEACE

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

What are the delegates in Miami and the man they choose as their standard-bearer going to say about Vietnam? Alas, they are going to be sorely tempted by the devils of political opportunism and political cowardice to say as nearly nothing as their verbal technicians can manage.

Americans seem to want to persuade themselves that if they keep their eyes shut tightly enough the Vietnam war will go away. Even the Vietniks don't have much heart any more for their Cause. No one got excited one way or another when Messrs. Spock and Coffin were convicted and sentenced to prison. Draft card burners and induction center protesters have retired to the lower half of inside pages. The hawks, self-hooded, roost in silence.

New Isolationism

There is no doubt that an inward, isolationist tide is running. The nation, having got insulted and bruised at the playground, is trying to run home to childhood. We pull back all along the line. Foreign aid cut to a twenty-year low. The world's mightiest steel industry begging mother Congress to shelter it from those nasty boys across the street who are underselling it on its own doorstep. The great ocean of space into which our pioneer explorers are beginning to venture suddenly becomes too awesome; the money spent on that supreme challenge is "wasted"; what we need are home comforts and contraceptive pills while we huddle round the hearth. We pull back from the bold adventures of advanced science and technology, cutting our budgets for free-ranging research. Forget about those *Pueblo* fellows. Sh-h-h . . . don't say a word about what's happening in Czechoslovakia.

Meanwhile, outside our blinkered focus, Ho Chi Minh's protracted conflict goes forward along its charted course. In the spirit of the original Communist Manifesto, he and his associates have scorned to conceal their aims; have, indeed, not even bothered to conceal the methods whereby they propose to achieve them. By omni-dimensional direct action in South Vietnam itself, above all by pervasive terror, they will prevent consolidation of an anti-Communist regime. By psycho-political warfare they will wear down "the imperial aggressor," break his will, and induce him to bug out.

It is fatuous for our generals and politicians to point to alleged casualty lists, the outcome of this or that skirmish and shift in ground deployment as proofs that "we are winning." We have had local tactical successes, some rather sizable. But in terms of his own chosen strategy the enemy has not only held his own but has won victories of major strategic significance.

His regime at home has not cracked. He has not merely maintained but increased a flow of men and supplies to the south sufficient to his purpose. He has found a plethora of Americans ready to speak and act in modes favorable to him, and has fractured American opinion to his advantage. What other enemy has ever forced an American President to throw in the sponge? He prevented our bombers from destroying his cities, docks, workshops, fields and social structure—prevented them not by his military counter-measures, determined though they were, nor from any lack of capability on our part, but precisely by the triumphant psycho-political assault he and his allies mounted against our homeland. He forced our bombers back from his main areas to a sector of his southern panhandle, and is confident he will soon push them altogether outside his boundaries. Now the talk is of letting him have the rural areas and pulling back on the cities. And then? He is not impatient.

The enemy is winning and knows he is winning. He does not keep his eye on firepower ratios; he is not overly concerned, even, with comparative casualty lists, short at any rate of the genuinely catastrophic. He judges by his relation to his objective; and since he can see that he is moving toward his objective, he knows he is winning. The fact that he has us on the run is expressed in the terms of our election dialogue. Discussion by candidates and publicists is never over the present bombing limitation *vs.* less restricted or unrestricted bombing, but the present limitation *vs.* still stricter limitations or no bombing at all. We are debating, now, only *how to get out.*

What Word from Miami?

Granted the nation's current mood, I suppose it would be suicidal for a party or a candidate to say we ought to pull ourselves together and win the Vietnam war—though it is terribly hard to be sure whether a visible mood is the nation's or merely the liberal Establishment's. Still, is it too much to hope that one of the parties or one candidate might tell a few of the truths about the Vietnam war, and pledge an honorable peace?

Everyone knows the minimum condition for honorable peace: that South Vietnam should be freed, for the next period, from the danger of Communist takeover—like Greece, Malaysia or South Korea in analogous circumstance. And the truth about the war cannot be stated without including the truths about the grim consequences for us, on both the domestic and the global scale, if we fail to secure an honorable peace. You don't just lose wars and welch on solemn commitments and then go blithely skipping on your way as if nothing important had happened. You pay, and you pay plenty. No matter how costly it is to win a war nowadays, it's a lot more costly to lose one.

Is it to be an honorable peace? What say you, gentlemen of the Miami Convention? □

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COVER STORY

Franklin Roosevelt brought about a revolution in the Thirties that has run its course. What is needed is not so much a change of guard in Washington as new insights and a new attack on the problems of the Sixties

'1968'

JOHN DOS PASSOS

HUEY LONG had a saying: If Fascism comes to America it will come as Anti-Fascism. Huey Long knew what he was talking about. One of the shrewdest purveyors of political narcotics ever to appear on the American scene, he had a keen nose for popular moods. Looking back with some thirty years hindsight it seems hardly likely that even if the assassin's bullet hadn't cut short his career the Louisiana Kingfish could have become Kingfish of the nation. An even more astute political operator had moved into the White House. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was skilfully channelling griefs and discontents into his New Deal.

Shakespeare's discerning lines:

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones

apply to Roosevelt to an extraordinary degree. In 1933 his New Deal proved a successful alternative to revolution. Today we can trace many of our ills to the malfunctioning of the leviathan he brought into being. We mustn't forget he was not alone in his search for an alternative. The majority of the farmers and working people who were suffering acutely from the Great Depression were firmly opposed to socialism or Communism. Though the New Deal at first had no ideology it offered programs of action. People embraced them eagerly. The President's efforts, though the two men were often at cross purposes, were ably seconded by John L. Lewis.

John L. Lewis was one of the few labor leaders who managed to beat the Communists at their own game. After taking advantage of the verve and dedication of Communist organizers, John L. deftly snatched most of the labor

unions out of their hands when he formed the CIO. But neither Roosevelt's fireside chats nor John L.'s organizing skill were much help getting American business rolling forward again. It took World War II, conducted as an industrial enterprise under New Deal and labor union specifications, to trigger the explosion of material prosperity which astonished the world in the late Forties and Fifties.

Now, twenty-three years after Franklin Roosevelt's death, we face the dislocations to which the elephantiasis of the New Deal's bureaucratic organizations have largely contributed. Furthermore we suffer from the essential shoddiness of much of the philosophy which underlay New Deal thinking. In the organized disorder ravaging American cities and disrupting the colleges we begin to recognize what Huey Long meant by American Fascism.

Though it is risky to push historical analogies too far, it may be useful to point out a few of the parallels and a few of the differences between 1932, the year of disaster when Roosevelt ran for the Presidency, and 1968. Today George Wallace wears Huey Long's boots as the back country demagogue. Republicans and Democrats will disregard the forces he represents at their peril. The revolt of undisciplined youth in the Thirties was more in evidence in Germany than in the United States. Hitler used it as the driving power of his Nazi organization. On the American scene, Roosevelt's constructive Hundred Days that followed his election developed against a background of real hunger, deprivation and bankruptcy, while the failure of nerve of 1968 develops in an atmosphere of almost universal affluence.

Though in 1968 there is a certain amount of want in the country, some of it unavoidable and some of it possible to remedy by sensible measures, the whole question has been so confused by the hysterics of TV and the self-serving declarations of federal agencies that it is hardly possible to form a rational estimate of how much want there is or what measures could be taken to cure it. Poverty, with a capital P, has become a political bogey. The national Administration proves helpless in the face of this monster it has helped summon out of the deep. The "liberal" approach to human problems has reached a dead end.

It is worth remembering that something similar happened with the collapse of New Era illusions in the years that followed the great stock-market crash. In the final period of Herbert Hoover's Administration, Big Business, which had set the tone for the nation's social and political leadership, threw in the towel as abjectly as did Lyndon B. Johnson

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in his speech of abdication on March 31.

Here there appears an important difference between the two situations. Herbert Hoover understood that something was very very wrong, and introduced measures to stem the economic disarray, while the Johnson Administration fights like a wildcat any effort from Congress to reform its policies.

The Administration's complacency in the face of the results of its maladministration of affairs at home is only matched by the Administration's complacency in the face of the tragic failure of its policies in Vietnam. At least in 1932 the country did not face a military disaster involving half a million men.

No Academics for FDR

The texture of popular thinking then and now shows important differences. Thirty-five years ago the ethical fiber which enabled people to distinguish right from wrong was much less corroded by the "anything goes" psychology. The men with rifles who broke up the foreclosure sales on Midwestern farms and the sit-in strikers in Detroit a few years later were mostly conscientious men. You could reason with them. They had not broken away from the unspoken postulates of civilized society as have the dervishes of the New Left. They would have been revolted by the witless savagery of the youths who took over the Columbia University buildings.

Today in 1968 the men who must restore sanity and order to American life face a harder task than Roosevelt and his friends did in 1933. Still it is encouraging to remember that the New Deal, by occasional inventiveness and a great deal of sheer gall, managed to patch up an ailing social system so that it carried the nation through a whole generation of at least material well-being.

In this connection it is diverting to remember that the academic community now making such a nuisance of itself with its attitudes and obsessions played a minimal part in the ferment of the Thirties. The chief thing I remember is that it took the learned economists of the Harvard Business School several years to admit that there was such a thing as a depression.

The problem in 1968 is whether we can improvise a workable program—as the New Deal was improvised to turn the despair generated by the Great Depression into constructive channels—fast enough to reverse the trend towards disintegration and anarchy. Alternatives must be found for the mad flux of government expenditure, for the fever of disorder which results from the dislocation and disorientation of a large part of the Negro population, and for the whirlpool of defeat developing in Vietnam.

If your only contacts with reality were what you read in the newspaper or what you saw on TV you would be justified in applying to the nearest Australian immigration office; but if you travel across the great continent and talk to ordinary citizens; or, better, watch the struggle of some small community to rid itself of the nightmare of ever-increasing criminality, you are reassured. A majority of Americans, whether of European or African ancestry, have, I believe, escaped the corruption of their leadership. Confused, intimidated, uninformed, misinformed as they are, they can be stirred by other stimuli than the handout routine of the politicians.

How aware are the various candidates disputing the Democratic and Republican nominations of the desperate urgency of the situation?

The evening of June 1 I thought I might get at least part of an answer. Senators Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, contesting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in the California primary, appeared in what was advertised as a debate on TV. It turned out to be a standard political interview conducted by three professional interlocutors. Senator McCarthy had the deep professorial look and the occasional knowing smile so appealing to undergraduates. He had at his command all the commonplaces of the liberal vocabulary. Senator Kennedy was eager, much too young, a vivid and athletic personality whether you liked him or not. (The recollection of him is made particularly poignant by his tragic death six days later.) On that particular program, alas, neither of the candidates condescended to give the public any very penetrating answers. The interlocutors wore their customary air of pretentious omniscience. As Democrats the Senators had little quarrel with the Administration's domestic policies, though Kennedy called a little more insistently than his opponent for the reestablishment of law and order. Kennedy was for help to Israel. They both demanded peace in Vietnam, but neither they nor their interlocutors showed any real curiosity about what means could be taken to get it.

Of course you can't expect too much from a political debate, but these were both men of intelligence and sensibility. One would have expected them to show a little more awareness of the grief of families mourning young men killed in the rice paddies or of the agony of city dwellers terrorized by burglary and murder and arson. The audience had a right to expect them to show some sense of the urgency of the problems they pushed back and forth like pieces on a checkerboard.

TV Reporting: Mischief?

It was a dispiriting performance. Talk about freedom of speech. Most of the politicians of 1968 are terrorized by taboos. They don't dare speak honestly about the needs and problems of Americans of African descent. The black agitators would be on their necks. They don't dare make the rational estimate of the operation of Russian or Communist imperialism needed to understand the situation in Vietnam for fear someone will raise the old scarecrow of that other McCarthy. They don't dare follow the problem of crime to its roots. They might find themselves criticizing the Supreme Court.

The medium is partly to blame. Years ago when radio was young and TV was hardly thought of, we used to think mass communication might make something like town-meeting democracy possible in our compartmentalized society. The citizen could hear and know his would-be leaders and maybe even talk back to them. He could stay home but still learn what could be learned by being part of the crowd. Something went wrong. Radio and TV didn't work that way at all. The viewer is more separated from what he views on the screen than if he'd made an effort to shove his way into the back of a crowded hall. There is no participation. The phenomenon has yet to be analyzed. It seems to me that Marshall McLuhan's gnomic dictum, "The medium is the message." did no more than drop a monkey wrench into the machinery of rational deliberation. One thing we know about TV reporting today; it is generally mischievous.

A few of the Republicans, since they are the outsiders trying to get in as

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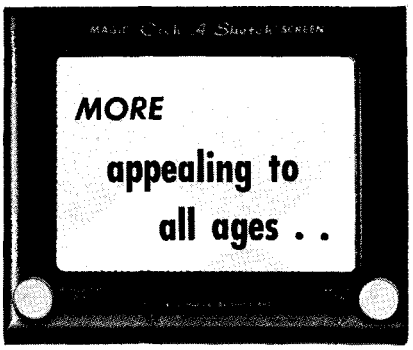

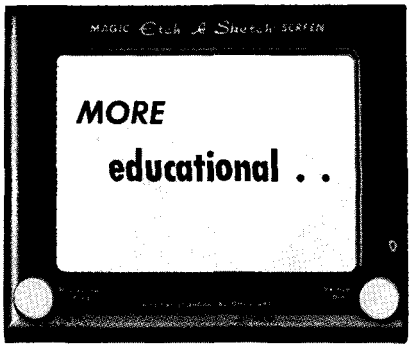

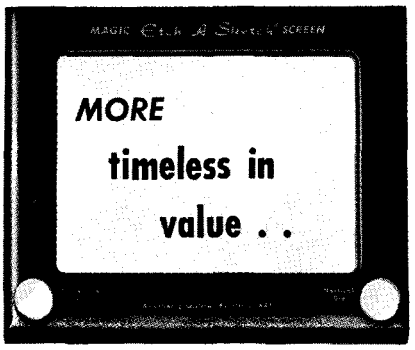

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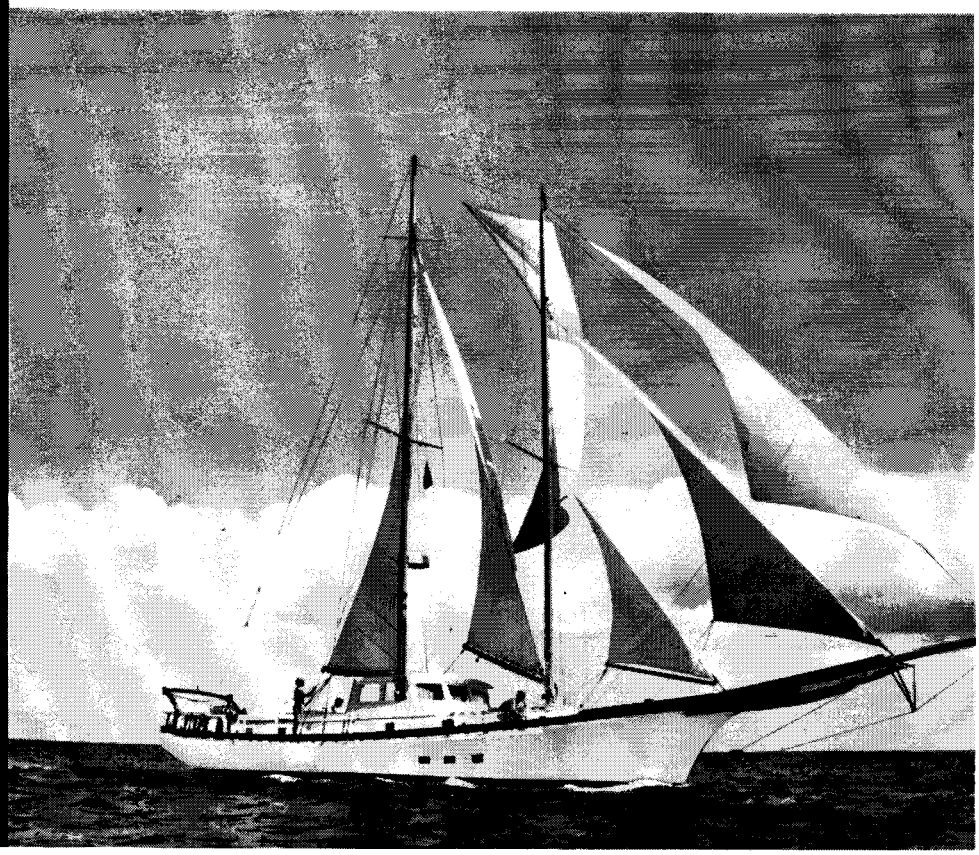

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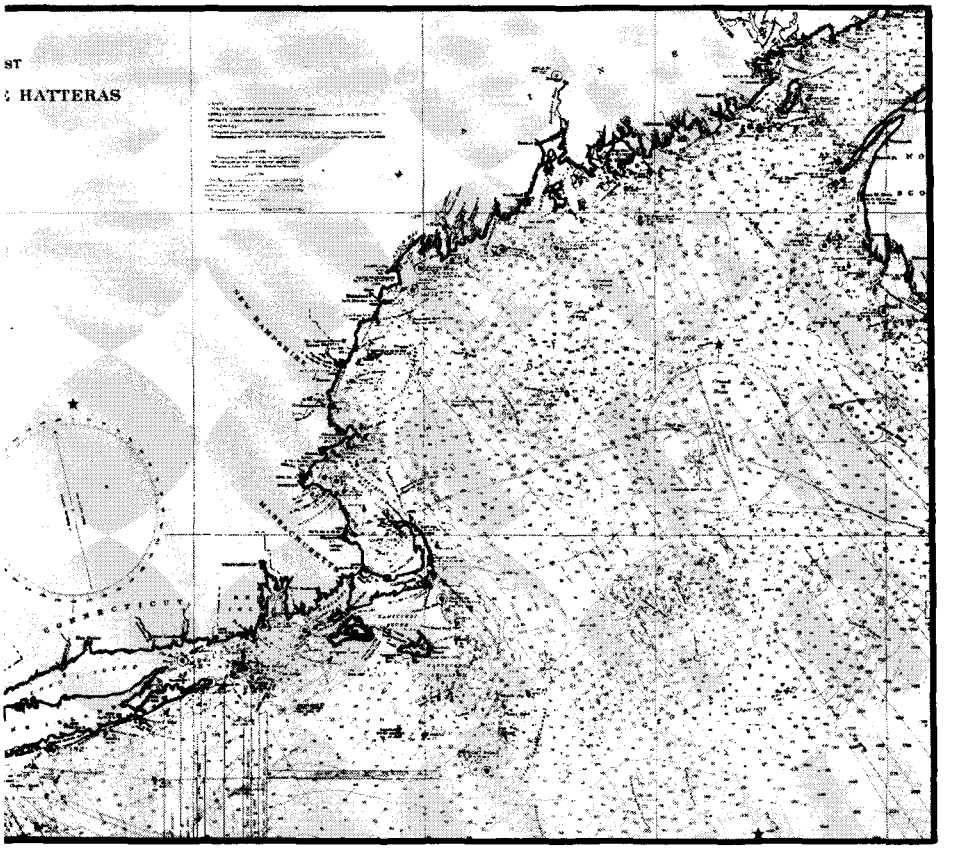

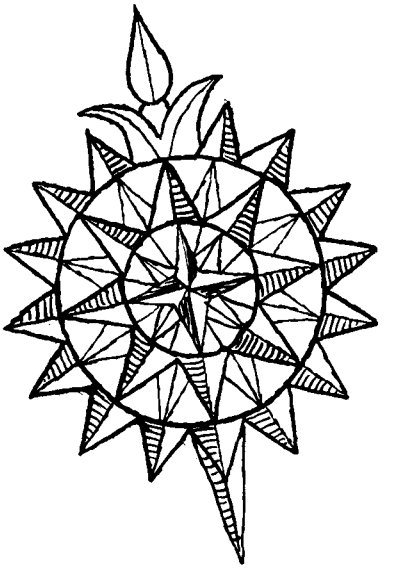

Some Suggested Cruises

Long Island Sound and Southern New England

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Western Long Island Sound

Depart from either the 23rd Street Yacht Basin in lower Manhattan, or the Stamford Yacht Haven. From either it's a short run to Oyster Bay or Cold Spring Harbour. Just a few miles East of there lies Northport, a perfect example of an 18th Century whaling village.

Across the Sound lie Branford, a popular yachting center, and Stratford, home of the American Shakespeare Theatre (let us know and we'll arrange tickets). The third day is a pleasant run along an interesting coast to the starting point.

7 DAYS –

Long Island Sound and Block Island

Extend your stay aboard to seven days and you can cover everything mentioned above plus...

Shelter Island or Fishers Island...out of the Metropolitan area now, you are entering New England. Then on to Newport; old colonial town, resort, Navy center, home of the Jazz Festival and Folk Music Festival. Across some open water to Block Island–20 nautical miles in distance, maybe a century in time. Then back along the Sound, stopping at one of the ports we missed on the way out.

From Cape Cod to Maine

Instead of starting in the New York area, CYRANO can meet you near Boston. At Marblehead, for example, one of the world's great yachting centers.

7 DAYS –

Southward. From Marblehead we can proceed through the Cape Cod Canal and make most of the stops listed on the left, ending up in Stamford, Conn. or New York City.

10 DAYS –

Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia

From Marblehead we sail Northward past the Isles of Shoals to York Harbor, Me. Then on to Casco Bay, a wonderful cruising ground with literally hundreds of islands–some inhabited, some deserted. Next up the coast is Penobscot Bay. Camden and Rockport here are both worth seeing. A few miles to the Eastward is Mount Desert Island with two beautiful harbors, a 30,000 acre national park, and the highest peak on the Atlantic Coast.

10 DAYS –

Southern New England

In ten days, in addition to all the ports mentioned above, we can also visit the islands of Martha's Vineyard, with its twin harbors of Vineyard Haven and Edgartown, and Nantucket, once the world's leading whaling port. Or we can skip one or two Long Island Sound ports, and cruising the Southern shore of Cape Cod, stopping at Hyannis or Harwich Port.

On to more of the famous islands of Maine, including Roque Island and Burnt Coat Harbor, and then, leaving U.S. waters, to Campobello, the beautiful island where Franklin Delano Roosevelt was struck down by polio. Jog west a few miles and visit St. Andrews', one of the most beautiful resorts in Canada. Then north to St. Johnson's and over the famous Reversing Falls (navigable only over a ten-minute period twice a day), up as far as you like in the prettiest river in the world. Duck back out, and cross the Bay of Fundy to Digby, a famous fishing and boating center in Nova Scotia, on the western side of the peninsula. And home.

Cyrano will be in the Bahamas all winter. It's not too early to make your plans now. Get in touch with us today—we'll send details.

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"To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—
This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old days are done;
But the Law runs true, O little son!"

—Charles T. Davis

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gainst the insiders trying to stay put, are allow themselves a little more free- om of speech. Mr. Nixon occasionally ndulges in an expression that hits the ail on the head. Governor Reagan's reezy common sense is refreshing even o his enemies. From the liberal wing ve get nothing but generalities. Be that s it may, at this point we need discus- ion on a different level from the pro- essionally prepared speeches of any olitician seeking office. We need inde- endent investigation of the past and a rogram for the future.

Reformers Needed

When the New Deal came in, the ollapse of the commonplaces of New Era thinking was so obvious that little ffort was needed to sweep away the itter. The trouble was that many sound principles were swept away with the rash. The reformers of 1968 have to leal not with principles but with ob- essions. A large part of the academic ommunity and the fashionable "intel- ectuals" have allowed whatever depart- nent of their brains is devoted to politi- al, economic and sociological matters o become infested with rubberstamp esponses. These rubber stamps—such s "Southerners love to oppress Negroes" r "there are no Communists under the ed" make it impossible for them to ppraise changes in the current of ex- erience. Fortunately there are excep- ions. Cracks do appear in the hard hell of liberal prejudice. When a public fficial like Daniel P. Moynihan starts elling the truth the guardian angels nust somewhere sing Hosannah. Special niches should be arranged in the Hall f Fame for bureaucrats who admit to aving ever been wrong. On the op- osite side we can only hope that the ause of clear thinking will gain from he fact that Senator McCarthy has aken it upon himself to reaffirm most f the liberal delusions of the last 25 ears. He expresses them well. Perhaps heir futility will become obvious.

If the mass of citizens ever shared hese delusions they have been rudely wakened by the looting of the corner tore, the fire next door, or the senseless nurder of a friend taking the air in a ublic park. The problem as I see it is o make available to these citizens a imple outline of the maladministration f the billions appropriated by Congress o remedy social ills, of the fiasco of the overty programs, of the failure of urban renewal to furnish decent housing to people of small means. Nobody will want to neglect the occasional success of government programs. They will be something to build on for the future.

Ample documentation can be found in the nearest library. Perhaps we need an Independent Voters' Guide which will purvey this information in the simplest Basic English. The truth can be told in terms at least as digestible as the deluding appearance of TV.

This work can only be undertaken by men who have no political ambition. They will not be able to investigate crime without relating it to the disorientation of Negroes crowding into the slums in search of relief checks and encouraged in wrongdoing by the permissive attitude of politicians and federal officials. Willy-nilly they will find themselves confronting the Supreme Court with its legalistic whimseys which, in spite of the fact that some of them point to worthy reforms long overdue, show the most irresponsible disregard for the practical necessities of law enforcement.

In this connection the question must be asked—Is the Supreme Court so unassailable? According to Article III of the Constitution, Congress would seem to have jurisdiction over the federal courts, from the Supreme Court on down. The final sentence in the second paragraph of Section 2 furnishes the key. After enumeration of the original and appellate jurisdictions of the Supreme Court the following sentence was inserted: "In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulation as the Congress shall make." This final clause could be a mighty weapon in the hands of a group of courageous and clear-sighted congressmen.

Unraveling the Threads

What neither the Supreme Court justices nor the politicians seem to understand is that the great mass of the American people, whether they be of African or European descent, in the national capital and in most of the large cities, are living under intolerable conditions of terror. Holdups, murders, rapes, blackmail, lootings go daily unpunished. Lawabiding Negroes suffer as much or more than lawabiding whites. The alternative to a reform of the courts is martial law.

You cannot take up the problem of Vietnam without facing the incredible mismanagement of the Department of Defense during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, with the resulting corruption in the theater of war, which seems to be tolerated by American officials, on a scale that dwarfs the peculations of the early Roman proconsuls. While the young Americans who make up the most long-suffering and unappreciated armed forces this nation ever put into the field suffer and die, thieves and speculators trade directly with the enemy with pilfered American equipment.

The man who really tries to trace these scandals back to their roots will find himself treading the most dangerous ground of all. Communist infiltration in this country is protected by the taboo of taboos. The revelation of some of the American ramifications of Harold Philby's career and the recent statements made to the picture magazines by Colonel Vosjoly, the French counter-intelligence agent who was forced in all honesty to break off relations with his own government, point directly to the existence of a powerful Russian Com-

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munist apparatus in Washington. There may be others, Chinese or Castroite. Maybe our secret services have them under observation and maybe they don't.

Turn the rascals out is the old watchword of Presidential campaigns. In 1968 that is not enough. Programs for action, practical attainable programs, must be aired and debated. To be effective any such debates must be free from the inhibitions of politics. Whether the Republicans or the Democrats win on November 5 the new Administration will be faced with staggeringly difficult decisions.

Showing the White Flag?

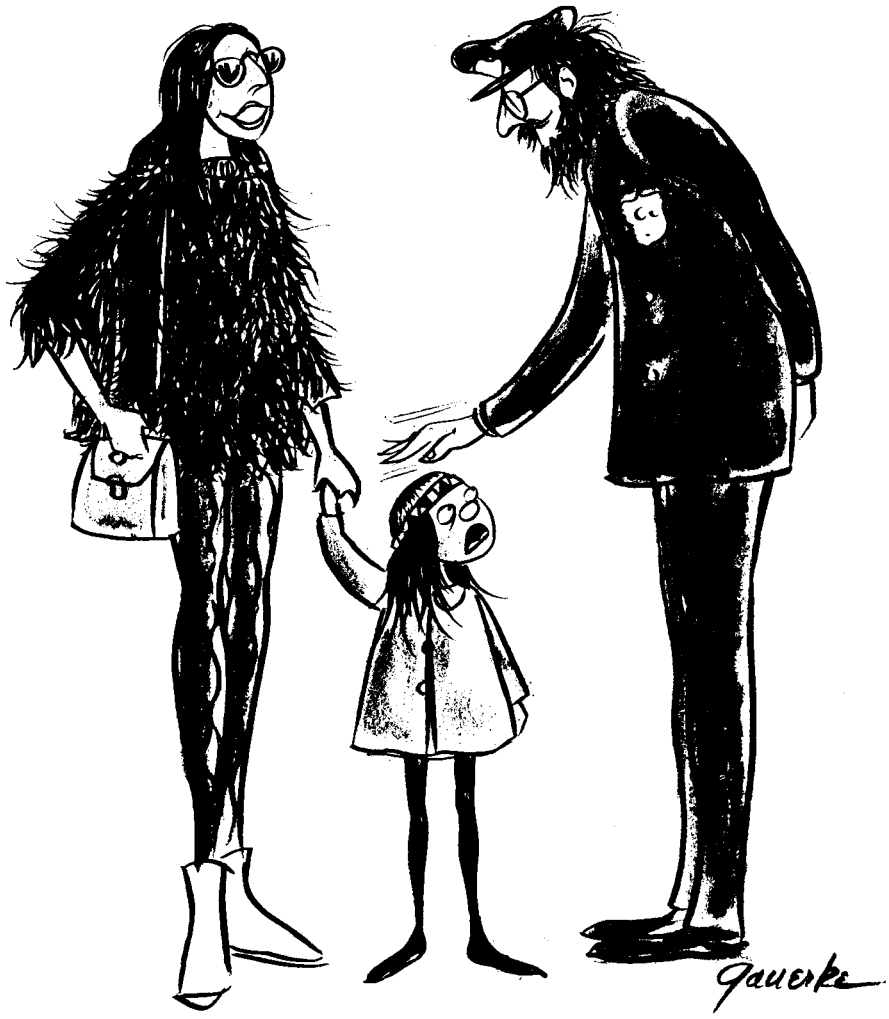
Even if Eugene McCarthy were elected on the pledge that he accept defeat in Vietnam, the evacuation of the American troops there would present a logistical problem of the first magnitude. It might turn out to be cheaper in money and lives to win that war than to lose it. As one writer on military affairs put it in a recent interview, there are so many things wrong with our operations in Vietnam that remedying only a few of them might bring very favorable results.

The abandonment of *Pueblo* and her crew was such an exhibition of craven weakness that it is almost certain to invite fresh aggressions from the Communist powers. We do not yet know what the results will be of the appointment to head the negotiating team in Paris of Averell Harriman, the man who put his name to the agreement on Laos which gave Ho Chi Minh his permit to invade South Vietnam. If you put yourself in Communist shoes for a moment it becomes clear that they must interpret this appointment as showing the white flag.

At home, though almost any effective measures will be accepted with relief by all except the minority who have turned to crime and subversion as a way of life, enforcing the laws will not be enough. Imaginative and effective methods must be worked out to encourage the self-help programs now being considered by many of the more farsighted Negro leaders. On this point Mr. Nixon has already made some sensible remarks. Talks with Negro neighbors in eastern Virginia where I live have convinced me that the great majority of Americans of African descent still feel that they are Americans first and ask only to be integrated into the life of the nation.

Another dilemma which will have to be faced will be how to turn the energy and idealism of so many of the student protesters back into useful channels. How much better the true cause of peace would have been served if all this righteous indignation had taken the form of demands on the President and on Congress for a clear statement of aims and purposes in Vietnam and for an efficient strategy to stem the invasion from the north. As it is the students, lacking leadership from the college faculties, have been allowed to fall into the hands of the first subversive organization that made an effort to take them in hand. It is pathetic to hear them spouting slogans out of a class war vocabulary which was already stale forty years ago. Senator McCarthy who, to my way of thinking, shares their misunderstanding of the power struggles which afflict the world of the Sixties, owes his success in the primaries to his knack of harnessing these youthful energies. Other aspirants to the Presidency would b wise to bear them in mind.

Putting aside all consideration of wh might win the election, it is essentia that the facts as to the failures of th past and the hopes for the future b presented to the young and the old, t the black and the white people o America in such form as they can un derstand. The college students' energ and their susceptibility to dedication now so misdirected, could be trans formed into the motive power of th sort of transformation which the Nev Deal accomplished in its day and whicl is now needed in a different form t meet new and different problems. Th mere search for efficiency in the Fed eral Government in the interests o sound finance might lead to a far reach ing program of reform. The time fo generalities is past. Someone must pre sent a practical chart for the futur which will restore to the American peo ple a sense of direction. □



"Never be afraid of the big, kindly Fuzz, Dear. He's our friend."

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MIAMI

THE DEMOCRATS' SECRET WEAPON

MORRIE RYSKIND

ON THE SURFACE, it would appear that the Republicans are a shoo-in. They could, it would seem, run on a one-sentence platform consisting of the time-honored phrase, "Throw the rascals out!"

For the Tower of Babel, ironically known as the Great Society, is already crumbling and toppling into the dust. And we are even farther away from Heaven than before we began this pretentious project of Cosmic Renewal.

The master architect realizes the jig is up and has decided to retire from political life while the going is good. Even LBJ will not risk going all the way with LBJ for another four years.

We are in an undeclared war pursued on a no-win policy that has cost us thousands of lives, and at the moment appear to be worse off militarily than before we had sent almost half a million men to Vietnam. Our Commander-in-Chief leads us up a hill Monday and down it on Tuesday—and his indecision has cost him the confidence of both hawks and doves.

We are mired in a shambles, and our image is at its lowest. Abroad our flag is spat on and cursed, not only by our Red foes, but by allies for whose freedom Americans have died. And at home our streets are made unsafe as a strange civil disobedience manifests itself in riot and shooting, in arson and looting.

Not to mention a Supreme Court which has lost public trust because, rightly or wrongly, it seems to bend backward to protect not the innocent, but the guilty—the unmistakably guilty—on some nit-picking technicality that too often leaves the criminal free to seek other victims.

In that light, it is clear that Cain should not have been exiled for murdering Abel. When he confessed to the Lord, he was neither informed of his constitutional rights nor represented by counsel. Where, oh where, was the Civil Liberties Union then?

And there, in essence, is the achievement of the last four years: a record of disarray, disturbance, distrust and dismay. If the GOP can't win this time, it had better close up shop.

McCarthy's amazing showing in the primaries is not so much a personal victory as an expression of public disenchantment with LBJ. So, of course, were the ballots for Bobby Kennedy. Even Humphrey, who started out by talking bravely of the accomplishments of what he called the Johnson-Humphrey Administration, is slowly but surely changing his tack.

Running with Rocky

When the in-party itself turns thumbs down on the party record, the outs should have a walkover.

But don't bet your wad on it. The Democrats still have an ace up their sleeve in the person of Nelson Rockefeller. He was an important factor in their close victory in 1960, and a veritable giant for them in the Republican rout of 1964; and he may have enough licks left to destroy the GOP prospects in 1968. Indeed, how Tom Dewey managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory in 1948 without Nelson's aid is one of those unsolved mysteries.

For when Rockefeller gets his running pants on, anything can happen. In 1960, an exploratory cross-country tour told him Nixon was the overwhelming favorite. Whereupon he began proclaiming he didn't know where Nixon stood. Now the best way of finding where a man stands is by looking at his record, and Nixon had been around as congressman, senator and Vice President for some fifteen years. His record, whether you liked it or not, was written in big print. But Rockefeller would have none of it.

Almost every night you could catch Rocky on TV panels, with one ringing question his keynote: "Where does Nixon stand?" It didn't interfere with Nixon's rounding up of delegates, but it kept Rockefeller in trim, sprinting from one station to another. And the Democrats loved his act, and began imitating it with the greatest success.

Finally Nixon, on the eve of the convention, met with Rockefeller one midnight, probably to shut him up. Rockefeller said what he wanted in the party platform, and Nixon, thinking of New York's vote, agreed.

So Nixon went to the convention and told the boys who had been sweating out the platform to forget it—and handed them the Rocky-Nixon thing instead. That caused a ruckus and a conservative walkout was threatened. This was broken up by a guy called Goldwater, who pleaded with them to stay. "All right," said Barry, "we've lost—but we'll rise again. Let's support this platform. Next time we'll win and the liberals will back us." Little did we know.

Goldwater's appeal quelled the mutiny and unity prevailed. Rockefeller came to the convention flaunting a Nixon pennant and promised to carry New York for him. Had he been able to keep that promise those 45 electoral votes would have put Nixon in the White House.

Fade out. Fade in 1964, and there's Rocky in his running pants again. Late in 1963, Rocky, sounding things out, had arranged for two big meetings in the Midwest. But response was lacking and the affairs looked like dismal flops.

So Goldwater got on the phone and talked turkey to the various leaders: "Rocky's the Republican governor of our biggest state. For all we know, he may be the party's next candidate and President. For Pete's sake, think of the party and get busy and fill those halls up." The boys did. If nobody went wild over Nelson, at least they showed up and gave him polite applause.

But once Barry threw his own hat into the ring, he was anathema to Rockefeller from the New Hampshire primary down to the final one in California. And, of course, afterward, too.

From Rocky himself—and from all his headquarters—there came almost paranoiac blasts of hate against Barry. The highly respected and dedicated Arizonan who represented the best of conservative tradition was pictured as a combination of Attila the Hun, Rasputin and the Borgias. He—and this went for his followers, too—was not only antediluvian, but antisemitic (top that if you can) and anti-Negro (though the NAACP had publicly thanked him for helping integrate many places in his state). →

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At the same time, of course, the Klan contingent was flooding the mails with literature portraying Barry as a leader in the Jewish plot to take over the world and dirty Nigger-lover to boot.

And, later, when Goldwater thought he'd take a week off after the primaries and visit some old friends in the Air Force who were stationed in Germany, a CBS newsman said the town was a Hitler bastion, and hit a pretty fair low by implying a connection between that item and Barry's visit. As I said, anything goes in this game.

Perhaps because I live in California, I thought the Rockefeller anti-Goldwater virulence was at its worst here. I had breakfast one morning with Barry not long before our primary, and the headlines carried another Rockefeller blast at him. "Don't you think you ought to fire at least one shot back?" I asked.

He grinned as though the notion were not too distasteful. But he shook his head. "I feel I owe the party too much to do anything divisive and so I'm aiming only at Democrats. Of course, I resent this dirty pool—but I'm damned if I'll play it."

Well, Goldwater won that vital primary without resorting to dirty pool. But I knew the bitterness engendered by the Rockefeller forces could not heal overnight, and my column on the result said the real victor was LBJ, to whom Rockefeller had handed the state's electoral votes on a silver platter.

And then came the convention, where Goldwater won on the first ballot. Incidentally, let me correct the impression that Rockefeller was booed by the delegates when he rose to speak.

I sat right in the thick of it, and saw no delegate join in the booing. That came entirely from the gallery, solid for Barry and understandably bitter at a man whose organization had denounced Goldwater adherents as the scum of American society. Maybe they shouldn't have booed—but on the other hand Rocky's own phrases had not been the sort to win friends or influence people—except, maybe, to boo.

Well, the Democrats, using little more than Rockefeller's paeans to Goldwater, swept that election. And this time Rockefeller and his Mafia didn't even pretend to back the nominee. All things considered, it is rather remarkable that Barry polled 27 million votes. But had Rockefeller or one of his stooges won the nomination, I doubt the GOP total would have been half of that.

And now it's 1968—and darned if Rockefeller hasn't those running pants on again. (I suspect he hasn't taken them off since 1960, except for a quick drip-dry.) And since Nixon is the current front-runner, naturally Rockefeller's big guns have been let loose on Nixon. You'd almost think Nixon had been the President for the last four years and is responsible for the mess we're in.

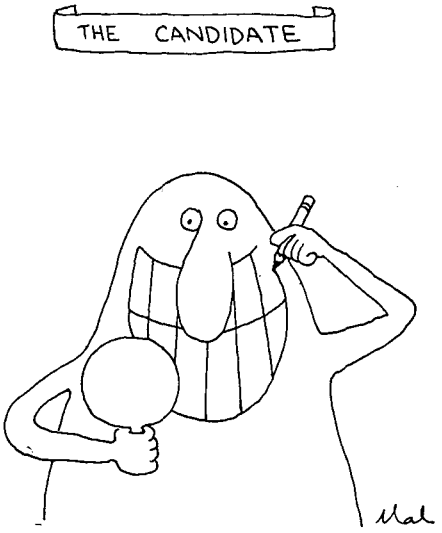
Nightmare Ticket

Of late, with Reagan showing additional strength, he's also sniping at Reagan, with whom he once hoped to form a "dream ticket." But now he announces both are sure losers, since the people want Nels—and nobody else.

I can't figure where those imaginary people were during the primaries that Nixon swept. In Nebraska, Rockefeller got a 5 per cent write-in vote and, in Oregon, supposed to be his territory, he drew only 4 per cent. That doesn't precisely indicate wild-eyed grass-roots support.

But, as Chet Huntley put it every time he had to report Nixon was drawing an enormous percentage of votes in the primaries, "After all, nobody was running against him." Still, you could deduce from Chet's lugubrious tones that he was running, though not declaredly, against Nixon in every one of those primaries.

Rocky doesn't think the primaries meant anything—he doesn't even put much credit in Nixon's sure delegates. He has far better figures to guide him:



the 1,524 folk who make up the Louis Harris poll and the 1,200-odd George Gallup relies on. In this microcosm of less than 3,000, Rockefeller usually shows up as the Only Republican Who Can Win.

I recall similar polls in Reagan's gubernatorial campaign during the primary. They all conceded Reagan was the clear choice of his party, but they all showed that George Christopher, his liberal rival for the GOP nomination, was the only Republican who could draw enough Democratic votes to beat Pat Brown. And yet Reagan went on to swamp Brown by over a million. Those computers still have some bad kinks, it seems.

I've been following Rockefeller's position papers in those full page ads—in fact, how can you avoid them—and I only hope this time Nixon—or Reagan—won't make them part of the GOP platform. Once is enough.

What particularly interested me was the one about how to get out of Vietnam. Like McCarthy's solution, it is surprisingly simple. We de-escalate a little to show good faith, and then Ho follows suit; we de-escalate more, and so does Ho. Pretty soon, everything is hunky-dory and our boys come home and live happily ever after under Rockefeller.

Of course, it hasn't worked that way under LBJ. The more he de-escalates, the more Ho escalates. As a result Hanoi, it is announced, has been able to repair every bridge and fortification that our bombs had destroyed this past year. Granted this doesn't take into consideration the cheering news that the Hanoi delegates are now drinking tea with Harriman in Paris. But the fact remains that a lot of our men died to achieve results that we now give up without a murmur.

Rockefeller's plan has merit, but it can work only with Ho's consent. The ideal dream ticket would be a Rockefeller-McCarthy combination with a pledge to make Ho our Secretary of State (or maybe Defense) if elected. And something tells me Ho would not turn down such a clear call to duty. What a way to build bridges to North Vietnam.

Well, don't say I didn't warn you. Stop worrying about George Wallace. The only man who can elect Hubert Humphrey against the terrific handicap of being Hubert Humphrey in 1968 is the Spoiler from New York. □

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LETTER FROM A LONDONER

UNREASONABLE DOUBT

FERDINAND MOUNT

NEW YORK—The small bespectacled man in the Los Angeles waitingroom was explaining how most of America's problems could be solved by more accurate measurement of the Great Pyramid. Then he leaned forward as if about to unleash some deeper insight into the occult and whispered: "You know, I believe in everything that these great United States stand for." On television earlier this spring Hubert Humphrey evinced a similar but less furtive patriotism. When asked by a bunch of students whether he would mind if Bobby Kennedy replaced him on the 1968 Presidential ticket, he replied with the story of how he had risen from being a humble chemist to being mayor of Minneapolis, a United States senator and finally Vice President. There could not, he reasoned, be much wrong with a country which provided such opportunities for a poor boy from the sticks and he would remain grateful even if his progress ended there. The students at first listened in puzzlement at this version of the American dream which seemed positively prehistoric to them. Then wide pitying grins spread over their faces. The poor old guy had to be crazy. I mean, only nuts believe in stuff like that.

Nuttiness is increasingly the explanation resorted to by the young or pseudo-young for any display of satisfaction with any aspect of American life. Fashionable dissent abounds in such slogans as—"The power structure is paranoid" and "Never trust anyone over thirty." In Britain we are accustomed to a modicum of national self-deprecation, but with typical thoroughness, the Americans have far outstripped our feeble complaints about British rails or British apathy. In the controversy over medicare Americans were told that their health care programs were "a national failure." This is of course rubbish. Standards of public health in the U.S. have never been increasing faster. A middle-income urban mother will typically be employing a small army of professional staff—G.P., gynecologist, dentist, periodontist, pediatrician and of course a ruinously exigent psychotherapist. Six per cent of the national income goes on health, as against 4 per cent in Britain. To claim that this represents a national failure because it is so expensive, as politicians are doing, is merely to attack the high priority Americans allocate to health.

Similarly Floyd McKissick, just recently replaced as national director of CORE, could justifiably have criticized the education available to Negro children in the slums. Instead, he wowed *New York Times* readers with the assertion that "The system of public education in America has failed for both black and white Americans." Not a word about the achievement of turning the children of millions of poor, illiterate, non-English-speaking immigrants into reasonably educated citizens. As Pat Moynihan, Director of the Harvard-MIT Institute of Urban Planning, has pointed out, the great waves of immigrants in the second half of the nineteenth century had simply been thrown out by Europe as rubbish. Now 64 per cent of their descendants go to college, which even granted the variable standards of American colleges, must rank as the greatest feat of public education ever known.

Self-Hate and Self-Doubt

Part of this discontent results from what Professor Peter Bauer of the London School of Economics calls the American abolition of the time function. If the problems of producing and distributing breakfast food speedily yield to the application of energy and rationalization, why do not social problems yield in the same way?

At a recent colloquy at Columbia University, Professor Bauer was asked by a Ghanaian student how African governments could inspire their citizens to set themselves higher targets. Bauer pointed out that progress in West Africa over the last half-century had in fact been phenomenal. For example, three million acres were under cocoa, one million under cola, crops which required years to reach maturity and so represented a sophisticated and far-sighted investment. Living standards had risen sharply under the influence of these and allied developments. No doubt they would have risen faster if the governments had not so mismanaged the marketing of these commodities. But the fault did not lie in the targets the people had set themselves and the energy with which they strove to attain them.

A textbook classroom rebuke. But what happens when the same balanced review of progress is ventilated in public politics? When Lyndon Johnson details the domestic progress under the JFK-LBJ Administrations, at the same time carefully warning of the intractable problems of the slums, he is attacked by Democrats as well as Republicans for never-had-it-so-goodism. It is no good pointing out that the American middle class is not particularly undertaxed by world standards or that, even if they were, their lavish private charity more than makes up the collective deficiency. The legend persists, and is indeed furthered by such respected middle class liberals as James Reston, that the American middle class is so selfish that it just doesn't want to help the Negroes. You cannot stop people hating themselves, if that's the pastime they happen to prefer.

American history has of course known many periods of self-doubt. Henry Adams' descriptions of the spiritless atmosphere during the Grant and Cleveland Presidencies could well be written today, if there were anyone good enough to write it. But those sad times, like the bad times between the wars, were also periods of economic depression. America today is still rounding off the longest non-stop boom in its history. Moreover, even the strain of the Vietnam war does not explain why, for the first time, this cyclically recurrent self-doubt should have weakened the universality of belief in the American ideal. For surely the remarkable thing about the United States has been that agreement on this has in the past been loudly proclaimed by everybody from Barry Goldwater on the adamant Right to Hubert Humphrey on the populist Left. Now even Pyramidalists feel it more appropriate to whisper their allegiance. □

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Potato as Big as a Diamond

JOHANNES EFF

I. The way to stop a rout in battle
Sed Aristatle
Is each man take a stand
And
Thas the best thing that ol' marble-faced philo sed.
An if he wuz not unfortunately now dead
I mean **akchewly,** not from the neck
Up like Bertie, Jean-Paul Satyr, and Doctor Speck,
Er, Spock,
He would easily prove that even a flock
Of geese are made up of individual gooses,
Affirming of course that collectivities have their ooses.
But flocks do not fly only birds
And rocks are what hurt not words,
Being individual. And power
It hain't black or white or pokey dot or flower;
Ideas don't have color or sprout like a bud:
Hegel's World Spirit is dialectical crud.
The egg Stalin broke for the omelet was real
That's what so bad 'bout a Communist meal:
Fee Fi Fo Fum,
I smell the Hell of that Kingdom Come.

II. But for what reason would a volcano, dead for months, want to come to life again to threaten you?
Here's the deed. Sign it! Few
People realize that the failure to act promptly means the show will
Drag on and on for another hour-week-year or so until
In some majestic hotel, having scrambled the entrance and the exit signs
First, of course, having decoded the instructions, rehearsed the lines,
(The age being not quite ripe for the see-through politician
Arriving **en scène** in only seven hours flying time . . . without a mission),
He says, "I know the world is a big ball but when do festivities start?
And what else is new apart
From the rape of Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Korea, China?
Nothing could be finer
Than to be in Carolingian morning
Clothes with youse diplomats from other peace-seeking pepuls fawning
Over Folly and (which is a conjunction. So is Sing Sing.) Fiddlesticks."
As for me I am insanely jealous of those marvelous tricks
You do for feeble-minded bats and seals.
And by the way when are the meals
Served in this here joint?
I had an appoint
Ment to see the hardiest thing that ever lived which is now, however, de
We may never know who deliberately stepped on it instead.

III. The picture is now complete
Confusion has been overcome and Defeat
Will be the ultimate test
For the West.
When all its options are shut;
When all its dreams are but
The megalomanic nightmares of a corpse,
Know then that Hope only warps
The plainer issue of useful surrender packs

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To de facks,
Which are: One. Vietnam is unconquerable by fascist
Adventurers. Two. Cascist
Clay can lick any white minister in the mosque.
Three. Johnson, Clifford, and Rosque
Are war criminals and finks
Whose capitalist underwear stinks
Of red, white, and blue vomit.
They are the abomit
Able No-men of yesterday
Who will vanish in the blazing day
Light of Marx. Brothers, can you
Spare a diamond mine or two
To finance the South African Bug-out?
Time to pull the plug out
On the ugly, fat-cat world of privilege and caste.
The flavor couldn't last
Forever, Buster.
You savvy Little Big Horn, Custer?

IV. Ageing, then, is the Way Out for souls tortured by Youth-on-the-March,
Charle-on-the-Arch
Of Triomphe,
Ho Chi Minh (sitting comphe)
In Hanoi.
Corragio! Remember yoj spelled backward is ___.
Who sed a good Foundation cannot be mush?
Who sed a good campaigner cannot be flush?
An who sed a good Cath(art)ol(ic) has to be
Harsh? Me,
Thas who! Lissen, God: A ram's parts are nexcessarily a clean oblation;
I yearn to see Thee Face to Face the Nation.
Save us, we bray, from urban sprawl, police brutality, atomic death, chaos,
and Tom Paine.
Coffin nails them, Lord, each day on a SAINE
Nuclear You-Know-What;
Mailer sets the norms for tommyrot;
Rise up and smite thine enemies in (the twoop) twain;
Maketh to fall on Saigon Thy good, guerrilla rain.
Dienbienphooey,
Johnson, Baby, on yooey!
The Forces of Nature are collecting, Man:
Little ol' Mother Serutan
Can spell the hard words jes fine:
INCENDIARISM, SEDITION, REBELLION, DIVINE
RETRIBUTION fer crimes against LOVE.
Of
Sech is the Kinggom.
Bringgom
All, Lord, to The Meaningful Revolution,
Seeing how bombs is no solution
To the Waves O'Histry an the Pipils' Revolt.
Whatyer doin RIGHT NOW to solve the problem of a dolt
Hypocricy? Speck it ter take of itselp?
Help!
You want the world to end up with a jerk?
Vote for the candidate who promises to put the Void to work.

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ON THOREAU AND CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

AN APOLOGY FOR HENRY

JAMES LUNDQUIST

"When the subject has refused his allegiance, and the officer resigned his office, then the revolution is accomplished." That was the quixotic code of Henry Thoreau's private rebellion, too romantic, it seemed, for anyone but the author of *Walden*. Yet recently, Professor Frederick K. Sanders (*NR*, June 4) has argued that that same sentiment, as detailed in the essay "Civil Disobedience," now serves as source and precedent for the growing rejection of authority and government. Further, by Professor Sanders' analysis, the premises Thoreau advanced radically deny the philosophy that underlies and sustains America's political structure. If both assertions are so, then perhaps a truly basic challenge really does lie in the new apotheosis of Henry David Thoreau.

But in defense of Thoreau, I believe at least three crucial points of this analysis can be disputed: 1) that in assigning final moral authority to the isolated individual, Thoreau varied radically from previous American philosophy, 2) that only this isolation of morality from community makes the theory of civil disobedience possible, and 3) that Thoreau's doctrine also hides latent justification for a kind of anarchic warfare fought over conflicting moralities.

On the first point, Professor Sanders says, "When the Founding Fathers agonized over a system of checks and balances and over the distribution of power and authority in the new government, they acknowledged more than the importance of securing various freedoms for the people. They affirmed that it is the human community which nurtures in the individual an understanding of duties and responsibilities. . . ."

Now statements about the beliefs of the Founding Fathers are always dubitable claims. No doubt the leading Americans of that era held some axioms in common, but they differed on many more. And most certainly they differed on the meaning and philosophy behind the Constitution.

But specifically, did *none* of their philosophies view the individual as judge of moral standards? On the contrary. To take one prominent example, Jefferson, long before Thoreau, posited the single human organism as the only instrument of evaluation. To be sure, his ethical views were never clear-cut, mixing Stoic and Epicurean thought, with proto-utilitarianism, and a supposedly repristinated "philosophy of Jesus." But his central position was close to the Scottish moral-sense theory.

He believed, so it seems, in an organically based facility to decide moral questions, a sense of a kind, perfectly analogous to the other five, nearly universal, but capable of defect. Jefferson was not speaking metaphorically when he wrote, "The moral sense, or conscience, is as much a part of man as his leg or arm. It is given to all human beings in a stronger or weaker degree. It may be strengthened by exercise as may any particular limb of the body."

So we can hardly blame Thoreau for introducing to America a conception of the isolated man as the ultimate source of moral knowledge. It prevailed at his time. The Jeffersonian moral-sense theory became transformed, Professor John William Ward has suggested, into the Jacksonian exaltation of Genius over Talent, forming a sort of popular parallel to the Transcendentalists' elevation of Reason over Understanding. In a sense, then, Thoreau spoke for his age, and at any rate, he spoke in a substantial American tradition, however questionable.

Another of Professor Sanders' contentions is that "Thoreau's singular and intense moral vision leads him to the inevitable necessity, when government becomes intolerable in his view, of civil disobedience." The implication is that his unique emphasis on the individual's moral primacy forms the only foundation for personal rebellion.

Actually, any moral base which precedes or transcends society can be used as the justification for civil resistance. Whenever society does not set the moral standards, there will remain the possibility of conflict between the prima facie claims of the community and the prescriptions of whatever one uses for an ethical measure.

For only one instance of this, the position of Saint Augustine bears certain parallels to Thoreau's, yet no one would accuse Augustine of lacking a proper appreciation for the *civitas*. He simply has a morally higher allegiance than the state, and that prior duty must take precedence in any forced alternative.

> Since obedience to rulers is clearly in the public interest, all the laws promulgated by the rulers must be obeyed by all the citizens with the sole exception of laws or commands that run contrary to God's ordinances. Although Augustine believes that such laws are impious and wicked and insists that a Christian must not obey them, he never argues that the Christian has a right not to be punished when he refuses to obey a law or order of this kind. (Deane, *The Political and Social Ideas of Saint Augustine*)

This indeed is very much the position taken by those who base their civil disobedience on religious conviction. Admittedly, the limits of intolerability are not set subjectively for the Christian, and therefore the inherent dangers are somewhat less, but the point remains that such an ethic still may allow for civil disobedience.

For the final point, the following quotation is raised: "A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority." Professor Sanders asks whether this might sanction the enforcement, or attempted enforcement, of each individually perceived "right."

It does not. The right, for Thoreau, is a personal rightness, at most, an aggregate of various individuals' rightnesses. In the flap over paying taxes, he felt his own wrong to lie in sanctioning the wrongs of others. And, in fact, he saw this sanction only in his positive act of paying taxes. He did not feel constrained to protest others' wrongs. (Though in fact he did.) By a simple refusal to contribute to the wrong-

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RUSSELL KIRK

NO PRIVATE UNIVERSITIES IN CANADA?

FROM THE ACADEMY

In these United States, many private colleges and universities—including some old and good ones—are feeling the pinch. Supported by the power to tax (which, of course, is the power to destroy), state institutions of higher learning attract students by charging little or no tuition, and offer superior physical facilities, often. As the level of taxation to support state colleges increases, the income of private institutions from private benefaction tends to decrease.

But the decline of the "private sector" (repellent term) in Canada has gone further. In the whole province of Ontario, for instance, there remains only one private foundation—Waterloo Lutheran University.

Last spring, I participated in a "teach-in" about the principles of education, at the University of Guelph, originally the provincial agricultural college. I found that some of the other participants did not object in the least to a public monopoly of the higher learning. Worse still, their views of college and university education were purely utilitarian: the academy exists merely to satisfy public demand—whatever that demand may be at the moment—and to help turn the great wheel of circulation. The life of the mind and the life of the spirit will not prosper in a system dominated by men of such opinions, in the United States or in Canada.

An American poet and professor of English, Dr. Robert Beum, is leaving Nebraska Wesleyan University to take a post at St. Dunstan's University, in Prince Edward Island. But no sooner had he decided upon his change than he discovered that the present government of Prince Edward Island means to abolish old St. Dunstan's and supplant it by a state university. So he wrote a letter to the premier, and sent copies to all members of the legislative assembly. Mr. Beum had chosen to move to Prince Edward Island because that province is less industrialized, uglified, and standardized than is most of the United States. Yet the premier proposes to change all that—in part, through establishing a "modern" university which would swallow up both St. Dunstan's (a Catholic institution) and Prince of Wales College (until recently a junior college).

"In your paper on post-secondary education," Mr. Beum wrote to the premier, "you clearly embrace a vision of a new island, a place that will be much like what, for purposes of convenience, we might call the typical modern urban community. Your discussion creates the impression that industrialization and centralization are fully satisfying solutions to the Island's problems. Nowhere do you show any awareness of the fact—and it is a fact, of common observation as well as of statistics—that industrialization and centralization inevitably create problems of their own; nor do you heed at all those numerous social commentators of our time who have amassed much logic and evidence to support the view that the whole trend of modern society—that is, toward a highly industrialized, mechanized, specialized, centralized, standardized, bureaucratic, secular, urban milieu—is in many ways a dangerous and unhealthy trend. . . . .

At various points in your discussion, you paint quite an optimistic picture of government participation in post-secondary education. You create the impression that government influence on, or participation in, education is a wholly benevolent, wholly desirable, situation. Yet the fact is that this is a complex and controversial matter which cannot be discussed adequately in slogans, promises, vague generalizations, and rhetorical questions. It is also a fact that many eminent scholars have demonstrated convincingly the dangers and weaknesses inherent in government monopoly or near-monopoly of the education tax. . . .

"You say that 'If there is a merger of the two universities, then it will be a merger between two equals—a merger between two degree-granting institutions of equal status.' Surely this assertion is a distortion of the facts. In the merger which you propose, St. Dunstan's University would in fact have to relinquish its whole character as a Roman Catholic institution; it would have to yield to, defer to, the secular character of Prince of Wales College and of the new unitary institution; whereas Prince of Wales College, being already secular, would have to make no corresponding concession. Surely no equality is evident in such a development. Furthermore, is it not inaccurate to assert that the present two universities are equals? The quality of their instruction may be equal—that is a matter which probably is not susceptible to being measured—but in every other way St. Dunstan's is the more impressive of the two schools; it is by far the larger of the two, it is older, it offers a greater variety of courses."

In fine, Mr. Beum argues, either the province of Prince Edward Island should subsidize both these institutions, or it should subsidize neither.

If the present tendency is not arrested, eventually even such biggish and long-established universities as Queen's and McGill will be swallowed by the public Behemoth. Freedom of mind, the moral imagination, the religious understanding, and true scholarly pursuits—as distinguished from technology and the pursuit of material success—will suffer heavily.

In Canada, as in the United States, such foundations would have vanished some time ago, were it not for the devotion of certain able scholars and teachers who prefer teaching the enduring things to receiving handsome emoluments. Yet their sacrifice will not avail unless the general public—and politicians in office—come to understand how much must be lost if we consent to the abolition of choice in higher education.

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The Problem of American Strategic Superiority

America Is In Danger
By General Curtis E. LeMay
Funk & Wagnalls, $5.95

GENERAL THOMAS S. POWER

America Is In Danger represents General LeMay's practical pragmatic appraisal of this country's security, rounded out by General Smith's fine sense of history. It is a damning exposé of Secretary McNamara's obsession with cost effectiveness as a substitute for sound military doctrine, graphically showing the decline of our nuclear superiority *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. General LeMay, speaking from experience, explains how the doctrine of civilian control of the military has been misinterpreted as a requirement to ignore the sound military advice of our top military men and to substitute doctrine based on wishful thinking. In a very comprehensive manner, he lays out the strategic situation, deterrence, nuclear proliferation and military superiority.

His analysis of the anti-nuclear movement is very timely today in view of the latest moves by President Johnson to encourage talks with the Soviet Union that will hopefully lead toward nuclear disarmament. Starting with the physical scientists who unleashed the horrible genie of nuclear energy and some of whom feel morally responsible for putting the genie back in the bottle, General LeMay explains that the anti-nuclear movement is a highly charged emotional cause that has attracted many other groups. The peace organizations, and of course Communists and fellow travelers, find that this movement fits well with their aim of weakening America. However, so have many able and well-intentioned politicians, diplomats and business men. As a matter of fact, almost every walk of life is represented. These are all people with a crusading zeal to do away with nuclear weapons and save the world from nuclear war.

The problem is that all sensible people want to deter nuclear war but differ as to the best method. Some think deterrence through overwhelming nuclear superiority on the side of the United States and the free world is the only safe and sensible strategy. Others think nuclear disarmament is the best procedure. Obviously these two are diametrically opposed. It would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to maintain nuclear superiority while at the same time trying to disarm. Needed is a clear-cut decision as to which strategy should be adopted. The impression has been subtly fostered by the Johnson Administration, and particularly by Secretary of Defense McNamara, that the policy of deterrence which they are following is in fact a policy of military superiority. General LeMay explains in detail how figures released by the Defense Department left the general impression that the United States strategic forces were steadily growing stronger and certainly retaining their superiority over comparable Soviet forces. The author states that, in his opinion, the Office of the Secretary of Defense has played a con man's shell game with us by managing to make a dwindling strategic nuclear force look stronger and he explains how this was accomplished.

General LeMay spells out certain principles that he has used with confidence and success throughout his military career—i.e., a commander, in order to follow the superiority principle, must rely on experience and judgment to a large extent. Cost effectiveness is of little value in this mental exercise. His quarrel with cost effectiveness is not with its technique as a tool of analysis but with the judgments that are made by amateurs in introducing governing criteria and assumptions—the garbage-in, garbage-out principle. The principle of the offensive is high up on General LeMay's list. He accepts the fact that war can be concluded with a less direct strategy, but a defensive strategy takes longer, is more costly in both lives and money and does not seem to be compatible with the dynamics of American life.

He proposes some basic doctrine about war. First, that war in any proportion, no matter how limited, is a very serious and dangerous business. War is never cost-effective in terms of dollars and blood. People are killed. To them war is total. Second, since even small wars are cruel, we must fight them in such a way as to win them as quickly as possible. Graduated response may be a good doctrine for diplomacy, but not for war. His third basic precept is, never point a gun at someone unless you are prepared to kill him. A bluff in wartime can be catastrophic. His fourth basic doctrine is that we should never engage in a small war unless we are prepared to fight and win a larger war. This is fundamental.

General LeMay points out that there is one overriding principle which has a major bearing on his military thinking and he calls this the principle of the most serious threat, which he lists as the one that might come by surprise instantly and which could destroy our whole social structure. This, of course, is a large-scale surprise nuclear attack.

The author offers sound advice that our politicians and civilians in the Defense Department would be well advised to heed, i.e., a broad and energetic military technical research development program must be pursued by all services. No promising weapons system should be disregarded. The military posture of the United States should include:

1) A mixed strategic force of aircraft and missiles to meet present requirements augmented by a future strategic space capability.

2) We must attain military superiority in space.

3) Our military posture must continue to include both nuclear and conventional weapons capability.

4) All of our forces must be designed to survive surprise attack. He warns that we must take the necessary actions to regain our strategic superiority. There is still time, but if we do not make some drastic changes very soon, it will be too late. America suffers from a euphoria brought on by our leaders who have proclaimed an international détente in the struggle against Communism. This détente, he claims, is unwarranted. It is not shared by our adversaries, who are fran-

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tically attempting to pass us in the nuclear weapons race—and who *are* passing us. Yet we sit on our hands, confused and lulled by our leaders.

Knowing General LeMay as I do, I would say that he has written this book only because he feels very strongly that America is in real danger unless strong corrective measures are taken right away. I agree. We must regain a posture of overwhelming convincing nuclear superiority before it is too late. □

The Creative Society
By Ronald Reagan
Devin-Adair, $2.00

MUCH GOOD SENSE NO BOMFOGGERY

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

There can be few occupations less profitable than reading the public utterances of the average politician. In most cases they are not only designed to say nothing at all, but contrive to say it very badly. The strain of trying to carry water on all those shoulders, hips, knees and other protuberances leaves scant time for considerations of candor, let alone style.

Moreover, not even the most ingenious and eloquent orator can manage to be original at five or ten separate whistlestops every day. Inevitably the same patterns of thought and speech recur, until reporters accompanying the great man react to his clichés like people hearing a fingernail scraped across a blackboard. One of Nelson Rockefeller's most piercing insights, for example, involves a vision of "the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God"—a concept so ubiquitous in his impromptu talks that the press has universally taken to describing it (in private, that is) as "BOMFOG."

Every now and again, however, someone achieves high political office despite—or perhaps because of—an irresistible urge to speak clearly or even bluntly on major public issues. If he happens to be a liberal, this presents no great problem to the Establishment press; he can be described indulgently as "irrepressible" (like the late Fiorello LaGuardia) or even hailed as "refreshing." His views will be dependably congenial.

If, however, the man in question is a conservative, strong measures may be needed. Sometimes, as in the case of Barry Goldwater, it will be sufficient to quote him verbatim, since the speaker has obligingly made the mistake of assuming that everyone will automatically infer the qualifiers and modifiers he omitted for the sake of brevity. Or again, it is amazing what gaudy effects can be achieved simply by treating a witticism as a serious proposal. *Vide* NR's own famous suggestion that while Chief Justice Warren should not be impeached, he "should perhaps be hanged"—a slaughterous thought in which Huntley and Brinkley, nearly a decade later, still profess to see the root of much of the violence now afflicting America.

But what if the conservative speaker is shrewd and foresighted enough to add the qualifiers that prevent his proposals from being misrepresented and careful to keep his humor well segregated from his serious suggestions? What, in short, about Governor Ronald Reagan of California?

THIS COLLECTION of his recent speeches (some are undated, but all are clearly of late vintage) presents a figure of great appeal—and an appeal by no means limited to conservatives. Again and again, as he addresses himself to the enduring problems of modern society—big government, crime, race, judicial independence, peace, the generation gap, welfare, labor, pollution, conservation, free speech, education, the federal system—he strikes the heart of the problem in record time. Moreover, the identifying characteristic of his approach to social issues—almost as distinctive as a fingerprint—is the concept that has been adopted as the book's title.

"The Creative Society" is not just a flip conservative riposte to the Democrats' long series of New Deals, Fair Deals, New Frontiers and Great Societies; it is, in the modern American perspective, a radically different approach to the whole vexed question of government's proper role in the affairs of free men. "It is a path impossible to follow," says Reagan, "unless we have faith in the collective wisdom and genius of the people. Along this path government will lead but not rule, listen but not lecture. . . . The theory of the Creative Society says that government is best when kept closest to the people."

On a score of issues, Governor Reagan has pungent and provocative things to say. On delinquency: "First, are we doing enough for our children by doing too much for them? [Second], haven't we made it almost impossible for many of our young people to earn legitimately the things they need and want?" On the ghettos: "The American dream . . . is not that every man must be level with every other man. The American dream is that every man must be free to become whatever God intends he should become." On the UN: "Not until reconstruction of this organization puts realistic power in the hands of those nations which must, through size and strength, be ultimately responsible for world order, can we submit questions affecting our national interest to the UN and be confident of a fair hearing." On bureaucracy: "There is a door in the nation's capital, in the General Services Administration, and the sign on this door, I think, illustrates what can happen with government. It says: General Services Administration, Region Three, Public Building Service Building, Management Division, Utility Room, Custodian. It's the broom closet." →

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Random Notes

■ Books: The formidable Inspector gets his wallet lifted and stumps into the world of the *avant-garde* film makers in *Maigret's Pickpocket,* latest from Georges Simenon (Harcourt, $3.95). . . . Sequels: Alistair MacLean has written *Force 10 From Navarone* (Doubleday, November, $4.95) and Auguste le Breton, *Rififi in New York* in which the diamond heisters flee police and Mafia (Stein & Day, September, $5.95). . . . This year's John O'Hara is *And Other Stories,* eleven short ones and a novella (Random House, November).

Pierre Boule *(Bridge over the River Kwai; Planet of the Apes)* offers *The Photograph,* a suspense tale about a legless former war photographer (Vanguard, October, $4.95). . . . Another Herman Hesse novel about yet another troubled young man is coming in its first American edition: *Beneath the Wheel* (Farrar, September, $4.95). . . . *The Public Image,* Muriel Spark's new novel, concerns a film sex goddess whose husband plots to reveal the sham of their "idyllic" marriage by entrapping her in an orgy, and staging his simultaneous death elsewhere (Knopf, September, $4.50).

■ These Days: After years of labor, the *N. Y. Times'* Harrison Salisbury has brought forth *The 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad* (Harper, January, $10). . . . Alberto Moravia, weary of writing about doomed Italians, went to China, knocked about, concluded it's all about poverty, chastity and obedience; see *The Red Book and the Great Wall* (Farrar, September, $4.95). *Men in Dark Times* is a collection of essays by Hannah Arendt, about Karl Jaspers, Randall Jarrell, Rosa Luxemburg, Pope John, others (Harcourt, November, $5.95). . . . Veteran reporter Edgar Ansel Mowrer has written *Triumph and Turmoil: A Personal History of Our Times*—his recollections of kings, dictators, battles, revolutions and such (Weybright & Talley, $10). . . . And here comes Modern Arthur Larson, with *Eisenhower: The President Nobody Knew* (Scribner, September, $5.95). . . . "Libertarian nationalist" (and Conservative candidate for N.Y. Senator Henry Paolucci has written *War, Peace and the Presidency* (McGraw-Hill, October, $6.95).

■ True Dross: Gore Vidal's chaplet of essays, *Reflections upon a Sinking Ship* (Little, Brown, November, $5.95); *Daybreak,* Joan Baez' account of How She Discovered the Peace Movement (Dial, $3.95); Juan Bosch's General Theory of Yankee Wickedness, *Pentagonism* (Grove, November).

Reagan is mercifully free of the impulse, so prevalent among political leaders today, to sound fresh and arresting at all costs. The comments quoted above do not have, therefore, the seductive merit of novelty; and indeed it is preposterous to expect of anyone brand-new observations on issues so long and so widely discussed. But Reagan's contentions are invariably tough-minded, to the point and clear, and they are rooted in a philosophy of politics wholly at one with the American tradition.

In these distressing circumstances, about all the liberals can do is denounce his comments and proposals as "simplistic." (It is positively wonderful to see how arcane a science government can suddenly become in the hands of a liberal confronting an easily-grasped truth.) But the Governor has anticipated this objection too: "I say there are simple answers to many of our problems—simple but hard." And he warns that we have no real alternative to those hard, simple answers: "We defend freedom here or it is gone. There is no place for us to run, only to make a stand. And if we fail, I think we face telling our children and our children's children what it was we found more precious than freedom."

The truth is that a successful attack on the political philosophy of Ronald Reagan entails an attack on the libertarian principles of the American society. If those principles are valid today, then Reagan is right. If they were wrong from the start, or have been outmoded by time and circumstance, then (and only then) can it be said that Reagan is wrong on the major issues by which he is entitled to be judged. □

FICTION

The Survival of the Fittest
By Pamela Hansford Johnson
Scribner, $6.95

Kings of Infinite Space
By Nigel Balchin
Doubleday, $4.95

The Sidelong Glances of a Pigeon Kicker
By David Boyer
Viking, $3.95

THREE (YAWN) NOVELS

GUY DAVENPORT

Reading Pamela Hansford Johnson's new novel is like eating a bale of cotton. It is a great dehydrated soap opera with a theme so elusive that even the title is no help. One wonders if Lady Snow (O brave new world in which pseudonymous novelists provide on the dust-jacket a 5x7 photograph of themselves, together with their legal names beneath) learned her formidable aridity from Sir Charles' dejuiced tracts, or the other way around. Her characters, like her husband's, are constructed of ectoplasm; and the world in which they drift untouched by wind or weather might just as well be the moon.

We are asked in a foreword not to miss the fact that one character is based on the late Dame Edith Sitwell and another on Dylan Thomas, with a hint that readers who wash regularly will naturally recognize subtler portraits. I got Dame Edith all right, there being no one on this earth like her with the possible exception of Lady Hester Stanhope of the Druses; but I would not have recognized Dylan Thomas if Lady Snow had put him in her novel under the name Dylan Thomas. Whoever the other characters are, they chatter like gophers for 468 pages. At first they chatter about the Spanish Civil War and at the last about Russian poets of The Thaw. In between there is ghostly evidence that they are chattering about the Second World War. Lady Snow seems to chatter along with them, like an English mum in a large family, interpreting and soothing their fashionable anxieties from behind the tea cozy.

Dullness, flat, unresonant, grey, hopeless dullness must have its absolutes, as nature has her Saharas, Antarcticas, and New Jerseys. I have been under the impression that no duller book than B. F. Skinner's *Walden II* could be the product of the human mind, rivaling as it does the most untroubled flatnesses of *The Book of Mormon* and Eugene O'Neill. But I must revise my hopes, for Lady Snow has opened new and vaster possibilities. She can induce deeper, wider yawns than Professor Skinner, can render eyes glassier than the Angel Moroni, can achieve a more refined dryness than a corporation lawyer on tax deductions. I cannot say with perfect honesty that Lady Snow is absolute in her dryness: there is a jar of pickled walnuts in the first chapter and somewhere around page 400 a

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lady who squeezes Siamese cats to make them meow into the telephone. These details, creating as they do a touch of color, might have been omitted for the sake of uniformity.

MR. Nigel Balchin, another Englishman, brings the tidy British mind to bear on the American space program in a slight novel with a thesis and a handful of paper cut-out characters. His tale, set a few years into the future, is of a British scientist who is invited to go along on a trip to the moon and whose deduction from the proceedings is that sending human beings into space is an American madness. Machines can do the job better. His vision isn't as flat as all that, however; it has theological and psychoanalytical dimensions.

English wisemen are always on the lookout for madness in American enterprise. Alex Comfort, for instance, once interpreted the rockets at Cape Kennedy as an allegorical rite behind which writhed the double-flummoxed Oedipus. Mr. Balchin would explain the launching pads as another Golgotha with its cross vacant and its hope of spiritual regeneration futile. Technology, he says, is a temple without a god. It is, however, a magnificent temple into which a god might be persuaded to come and take up habitation. And with that he leaves us. Interesting, perhaps, but I do not see why this perception had to be cast as a novel. It would have made a dandy paper delivered to the British Rocket Association.

AND now for a real novel, frail and spindly, but a novel nevertheless. What is more, a first novel. Mr. David Boyer takes that old wheeze, the sardonic, innocent narrator, and moves him with considerable freshness and skill through the streets (and bedrooms) of Philadelphia as a taxi driver. Like all taxi drivers, he is of course a philosopher; his real business is to study man up and down the back alleys of Vanity Fair. The world he observes is Philadelphia just so, from Rittenhouse Square to Bryn Mawr, from the cultivated lady who, hailing a cab on Christmas, opines that taxis ought not to run on this holiest of days, to the hippies who pursue the life of the spirit in the concentric rings of slums around the University of Pennsylvania.

Unlike Lady Snow and Mr. Balchin, Mr. Boyer can write. He requires of every sentence that it have a kick and a bite, and a high percentage of the time he gets what he wants. The examples of folly through which he moves us are wonderful to behold. They are the ancient and classic failings of mankind. We have seen them all before, if not quite in their Philadelphia trappings. It is, however, a delight to have a new guide, and especially one with so golden a grin. □

Actions Speak Louder:
The Story of the New York Conservative Party
By J. Daniel Mahoney
Arlington House, $8.00

LIFE IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST

M. STANTON EVANS

Conservatism's outstanding political success stories of recent years have been written in precisely those places where such things are not supposed to happen—the largest states in the union. The achievements of conservative Republicans, Murphy, Reagan and Rafferty, out in California are of course well-known. Less publicized but correspondingly impressive, given the difference in terrain, has been the performance of New York State's Conservative Party.

The Conservative story, as related by party chairman J. Daniel Mahoney, is an epic of perseverance. New York is justly notorious as America's most radical state, a kind of liberal Oz, where Republican leaders solicit backing from the ADA and gleefully outbid the Democrats on the Left. Authorities to whom the party's founders appealed six years ago offered little hope that conservatism could take root in this petrified forest. The Conservatives were told they could not buck the power structure of the state Republican organization and that their venture was absurdly quixotic.

Fortunately for themselves and for the nation, Mahoney, Kieran O'Doherty and other Conservative leaders turned a deaf ear to these discouragements. Revolutionaries in reverse, they accepted Danton's counsel of audacity instead. They refused to believe a conservative political party could not be willed into existence. In the winter of 1962, they began the arduous business of enlisting backers, raising funds, and traversing the thicket of New York's election laws. They set out to establish themselves as a major political factor in the state in a span of months; and they succeeded.

The Conservatives made their first major breakthrough at the very beginning—in the gubernatorial race of 1962. In that contest, they needed to poll at least 50,000 votes to secure a spot on the ballot through the 1966 elections. Conservative candidate David Jaquith netted 141,877. In 1965, NATIONAL REVIEW Editor William F. Buckley Jr. made his celebrated race for mayor of New York City, polling 341,226 votes. In 1966, the party spearheaded a successful campaign against John Lindsay's civilian Police Review Board (voted down by a margin of 1,313,210 to 765,300) and rolled up a tally of 510,023 for gubernatorial candidate Paul Adams. In 1967, the Conservatives made massive headway in county and other local races which established their crucial "swing" position beyond any possibility of doubt.

The cumulative impact upon the Republican Party at all levels of the party structure has been enormous. The vote attained by Jaquith, for example, reduced Nelson Rockefeller's margin and helped derail his Presidential bid in 1964; Buckley's impressive total turned John Lindsay into a minority mayor—while the Civilian Review Board defeat did nothing for Lindsay's prestige in New York or anywhere else; the Adams showing in '66 reduced Rockefeller's vote share to 44 per cent and put the veteran Liberal Party in the shade. And the 1967 elections showed the major parties they could no longer ignore Conservatives at the ballot box.

These 1967 races have received no attention nationally, but they are by all odds the most impressive testimony yet to the political power of the Conservative Party. They proved conclusively that the New York GOP, if it is to elect its people to office, must forsake its dalliance with the Liberals, make a substantial right turn ideologically, and agree to peace talks with the Conservatives. On the '67 outcome,

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GOP candidates who fail to earn Conservative endorsement will materially diminish their chances of election.

In Suffolk County, for example, Conservative candidate John Conroy polled 56,310 votes in the race for county executive—19 per cent of the total. The Republican candidate lost by 32,460. Had the Conservative votes gone to the GOP, the Republican would have won. In Nassau County, liberal Republican Sol Wachtler lost to Democrat Eugene Nickerson by 2,863 votes, while no less than 57,065 potential GOP ballots were going to Conservative A. Werner Pleus. Similar results were achieved in Oyster Bay and Glen Cove, where Conservative votes helped send liberal Republicans to defeat.

Conversely, endorsement by the Conservatives often meant victory for major party candidates. Mahoney notes that "in Suffolk's Town of Babylon, Conservative endorsement gave the election to the Democratic candidate for supervisor, and an enrolled Conservative, Frank A. Schaeffer, was elected to the Town Council with Democratic endorsement. . . . Two Conservative-endorsed Democratic candidates [in Nassau County] also won by the margin of our vote. In Westchester, ten Republican candidates for county supervisor won election as a result of their Conservative endorsement, and a Republican-Conservative was elected mayor of Mt. Vernon. Another enrolled Conservative, Edmund Sarver, was elected a county supervisor from Mt. Vernon."

As Edward O'Neill of the *New York Daily News* observes, New York Democrats and Republicans are finding that "tens of thousands of their own party members are displeased with their organizations and have shown their disapproval by going elsewhere—in this case, to the Conservatives. The people of New York State, and, more slowly, the city's metropolitan area, want displays of more center and right of center thinking. . . . The Conservatives are here to stay and, if anything, should grow stronger in future elections. The major parties, like it or not, will have to deal with them."

MAHONEY'S NARRATIVE points a number of lessons that should be pondered elsewhere around the country by conservative strategists and Republican bosses alike. The first of these is simply the value of being willing to act—to shrug off predictions of futility and to chart the indicated course for maximizing conservative strength. In the New York case, the necessary course was outside the Republican Party structure; in other cases, it will be inside that structure. In either event, willingness to dig in and fight for the conservative position rather than to default or compromise it away through timidity is the first prerequisite of conservative success.

The attainments of the New York party show that the philosophical commitment of conservatives, when expressed in organizational channels, can be a powerful force. Mahoney repeatedly notes that the Conservative candidates and workers had no hope of patronage or other financial reward, but performed their duties because they believed in an idea and were willing to work for it. The party's ideological motivation is further symbolized by the close cooperation of the practical leadership with conservative intellectuals like Buckley, Frank Meyer, Prof. Charles Rice, William F. Rickenbacker and others. The fruits of this collaboration may be savored by examining the party's trenchant statements on public issues—particularly its 1968 Legislative Program, which Mahoney reproduces as an appendix.

Most important of all, the Conservative record should demonstrate to Republican leaders throughout the country that pursuit of liberal voting blocs must in the long run be a losing proposition. Wherever this particular strategy has been tried, it has stemmed from a belief that the GOP's natural constituency has no place else to go, and must stay hitched to the party even when it plunges leftward. The New York Conservatives have demolished that fallacy once and for all. Should the national GOP by any mischance assume the coloration of a Rockefeller or a Lindsay, we may be certain other conservatives around the nation would follow the lead established by their colleagues in New York. □

The Life of Politics
By Henry Fairlie
Basic Books, $5.95

POLITICIANS AND THE PUBLIC: PRINCIPLES HELD AND WITHHELD

RICHMOND CRINKLEY

Every good book about politics, and most great ones, is a rewrite of Machiavelli. And this is as it should be. The political writer knows that he must invoke examples, extrapolate from them commonsensical observations that he can skilfully disguise as theory, and package the whole with a faint tinge of the outrageous.

The Prince, of course, does all these things consummately well—the great Florentine progenitor of politico-literary creation astounded us by describing, in often meticulous detail, what really happened. The effect was an outrage that has never quite spent itself. We all go around practicing Machiavellianism and wishing we were better at it, but never daring to *admit* that we are playing the old game the old way.

Henry Fairlie's *The Life of Politics* is a good book. It is a rewrite of Machiavelli in the sense that it takes the political realities of contemporary Britain and develops an argument from them. Often, as with Machiavelli himself, the examples are more interesting than the points they illustrate, but the purpose is the same. From a series of data, a composite picture can be built up. And for all his beneficent approval of the mangy life of politics, Fairlie doesn't outrage us, and that is his one shortcoming. But the phenomena are documented, though apparently without an index. (I reviewed the uncorrected page proofs.) And the phenomena are fascinating stuff indeed.

THE PHENOMENA tend to establish a kind of poise, a political equilibrium—the British body politic seen as a balancing act, not at all unakin to its neophyte transatlantic neighbor. The groups in equilibrium, the counterweights balancing each other, are two: those who hold principles but do not let the public know what they are and those who let the public know their principles but do not hold them.

On the one hand, there is the able, indefatigable, and often thwarted R. A. Butler. Fairlie notes that Butler managed to turn away the argument for reinstitution of flogging at the 1958 Conservative Party Conference by talking away from the point. As Fairlie notes, Butler got his way by meandering around his critics. "Would it have been preferable if he had provoked opposition instead of turning its flank? The politician is concerned with doing things, and not with displaying his own attitudes." So, in that instance, we have the public figure who holds principles, but never reveals them so completely as to damage himself.

And then we have his opposites. The latter exist in such plenitude that they hardly need naming, but two groups will suffice as *exempla*: the Conservative front bench at the time of Suez, valiantly denying what was happening, and the present Labor front bench, valiantly denying that its attitude towards black immigrants is anything but benevolent.

The political equipoise is upset only when a genius or a maniac breaks out of one of the groups and momentarily threatens to tilt the balance precariously—or so one may theorize from Fairlie's compendium.

For instance, Enoch Powell. The Powell affair is so consummately interesting that one almost regrets that Mr. Fairlie's book came along too soon for him to include it. Mr. Powell's recent speech on the immigration issue was inflammatory only in the sense that it made public figures discuss what they had not been willing to

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discuss before. And it was conservative in the best sense. If conservatism is the approach to government which strives most strenuously to accommodate its theoretical position to things as they are, then Mr. Powell's speech on the immigration issue was conservative.

Like the little boy who said the Emperor had no clothes, Powell had the temerity to say what everyone was thinking—and the fact that most of his compatriots were ashamed of themselves for thinking it makes his boldness all the more worthy of applause. Powell erred in not conforming to either of the two groups upon whom a political balance depends—the eloquently inarticulate or inarticulately eloquent. The result has been calumny. The Druids have collected to protect the mistletoe. Quintin Hogg has been given a chance for eloquence, though he cannot possibly have meant all he said. James Callaghan has had a chance to denounce Powell for calling for assisted return of immigrants who want to leave and has then turned around to say the government has such a program already. *Mutatis mutandis.*

In fact, the Powell affair shows the masochism of many practitioners of the life of politics. Having had one of their number say what they were all thinking, the leaders of Britain's two parties collectively denounced him. Having denounced Powell, Messrs. Wilson, Heath, Callaghan, and Hogg can go their merry way, keeping out more immigrants, helping some to leave, and equivocating about legislation to aid those already in Britain. Only they aren't saying so.

As Fairlie's data implies, this is another situation which time will filter out. Either the established figures will survive because they have played by the rules, or Enoch Powell will survive because he is a genius. One makes no predictions, though one does suspect that Powell's position is closer to that of the black power advocates than the collective stances (or non-stances) of the two front benches. The extraordinary potential alliance between Richard Nixon and CORE is not so unlikely that its reverberations won't be heard across the Atlantic.

ONE DOES TRY to build up criteria by which the life of politics may be judged. And Fairlie does provide criteria, through his examples. His scope is wide and, like Machiavelli's, always a little titillating. There are the people—for instance, Baldwin, the politician's politician; there are the authorities—Motley on the abdication of Charles V, caused by a malfunction of the stomach (Cesare Borgia in a later historian's transformation); there are the principles—a call for tolerance of the life of politics and change in its ground rules, a neatly canceling pair of *dicta.*

Where do the criteria lead? To the same attitude towards politics that one would have towards a great poem or a crossword puzzle or a Mozart sonata or a row of tulips. The form and the order are all that matter, and we can make up the general import of the form and the order if we need to. For that reason, *The Life of Politics* is a layman's book. The would-be Prime Ministers know its contents already. The rest of us may be a bit on the outside looking in. If so, the spectacle will be all the more appealing for having been presented by so comprehensive and intriguing a guide. □

MOVIES

EPIC OF SPACE GOES PSYCHEDELIC

JOHN D. KIRWAN

Science fiction movies, as a class, are generally so bad that when anything even approaching quality comes off the reel, the reviewer/fan is sorely tempted to anesthetize objectivity and send up indiscriminate fireworks. But, consciousness doth make cowards of us all: the same aesthetic criteria applied to other aspects of art *must* apply to science fiction (hereinafter sf). Otherwise, it must be put in a "special" category—like the scribblings of retarded children or Norman Mailer—which is why this reviewer cannot call *2001* one of the greatest movies ever made.

The tragedy is, it might have been.

To begin with, *2001* is by Clarke, out of Kubrick. Despite the valid objections which conservatives (and a goodly number of others) had about the politico-ideological morality of *Dr. Strangelove,* nobody could deny Stanley Kubrick's commitment to technical verisimilitude. When the Air Force (praise be!) refused to cooperate with him, Kubrick built his own mock-up of an attack bomber, at a six-figure cost, with almost calibrated authenticity. Arthur C. Clarke, of course, is one of sf's old pros. His collection of essays published as *Profiles of the Future* proves he is no slouch at intelligent extrapolation. Why then, should the celluloid offspring of such co-authors (with Kubrick also midwifing as producer/director) not merit all the four-stars in the galaxy?

Robert A. Heinlein, the dean of sf writers and a consistently heuristic craftsman, gives us a clue: "A realistic story may be wildly strange while holding to the possibilities of the real world . . . the science fiction author is not limited by currently accepted theory nor by popular opinion; he need only respect established fact." This does *not* mean making all the cards wild in the middle of the game—the way they play it in *2001.*

The movie starts out well with "the dawn of man." Fairly anthropoid apes are scampering about a mid-Cenozoic Earth. Their discovery of the first tool (a thighbone as a more efficacious weapon than a fist) is graphically shown. Then they discover a mysterious vertical slab. The scene suddenly updates a few million years, plus or minus a decade, and we are in the year 2001.

Lunar colonies have been established. American and You Know Whose. A rocket ship approaches a Von Braun-type space station (incidentally, the mutually revolving station and ship are scored to Strauss waltzes and other romantic music: an incredibly ingenious and beautiful idea). After a stop-over, the ship lands on the moon. All this is done with seemingly scrupulous attention to scientific truth—in disappointing contrast to what comes later. The sociology is as realistic as the technology. Clothing is generally like modern dress—but particularly different. Like the difference between today's garb and 1935's. Pan-Am, Hilton and even Howard Johnson have outer-space concessions; apparently LBJ's restrictions on foreign investment were revoked by the time the twenty-first century came along.

Now, the plot begins to curdle. A slab, like that found by the heretofore mentioned apes, is unearthed (or, to be more precise, unmooned), which it seems is interconnected by radio waves with Jupiter. So, nothing will do but to send an expedition there to find out why.

THE CREW of this Jovian trek (the film, by the way, is billed as "a Space Odyssey") consists of five men and a computer—the last answering to the name of HAL 9000. HAL is depicted as a seemingly omniscient piece of hardware, although readers familiar with MIKE in Heinlein's *The Moon is a Harsh Mistress* should suspend judgment on the Kubrick golem. HAL does things like beat a crew member at chess—a device as crisply original as the hero rescuing the schoolmarm in a cowboy flick.

As for the crew, they operate on a swing-shift cryogenics. The two awake members (played by Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood with all the vigor of dust settling on a poached egg) gradually become convinced that HAL has shorted a few circuits and is out to get them.

At this point comes the intermission.

Go home.

If you do, you will not only wonder what will happen, but chances are your own concepts will be more credible than the subsequent celluloid. Besides, you will have the undiluted memory of a meaningful glance into the crystal ball of intelligent science.

After the intermission? Well, imagine reading about three-quarters of Homer's *Odyssey,* turning a page, and finding the complete works of Jackson Pollock. Such is *2001.*

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The sf is replaced by an LSD kaleidoscope. As the craft approaches Jupiter, the survivor (HAL got the other) is suddenly confronted with an orgy of color. The screen is awash with undulant patterns of shifting hues and pinballing lights. This is not to say they aren't beautiful; they are. But they are as germane to what has gone before as a can-can dance breaking into the climax of *Othello*. It is Fellini all over again, only the stock has plummeted from *8½*.

Believe it or not, the point of all this is carefully explained in the souvenir program; nowadays, you can't tell the plot without a scorecard. Nevertheless, it is amorphous enough to permit any amount of critical ping-pong and anyone's interpretation is as good as anyone else's (the democracy of the intellect). At all events, somebody has thrown a big gob of mysticism on the periodic table and the whole "sense of wonder" (to borrow Sam Moskowitz' useful phrase) is debauched into subjective fantasy.

2001 has a tragic flaw—about as big as the Grand Canyon. Considering the financial resources and the technical brilliance behind it, the movie could have been the first genuine epic of space. And a good case can be made for space travel, the great frontier awaiting us, as being the touchstone of a creative renaissance. Instead, *2001* trickles out into a conduit of the Ganges. The conquest of the universe would seem to be enough of a theme (to put it mildly) without emptying mystical chamberpots on it. *2001* was conceived in wonder and emerged deformed; it is the thalidomide baby of the cinema.

As to the principals, the actors were so-so, the direction was magnificent. As to the principles, the repeal of the law of gravity and the first giant step to the stars, they were perverted. Technically, *2001* is a masterpiece. Aesthetically, *2001* is a minor piece. Philosophically, *2001* is a piece which passeth all understanding. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

PEKING'S RED GUARDS, *by Stephen Pan and Raymond de Jaegher (Twin Circle, $1.95)*. China's so-called "cultural revolution" has stirred convulsions on the Communist mainland and confusion in the West. Amid tales of purge and counter-purge, wall posters and paeans to Mao's "thought," the question of who was doing what to whom, and why, has had no very certain answer. As part of Twin Circle's excellent series on aspects of the Communist challenge, sinologists Pan and de Jaegher have put together a comprehensive account of the "Red Guard" upheaval, richly documented from Communist sources and bottomed in the authors' knowledge of Chinese history and Communist theory alike. They describe, step-by-step, the efforts of Mao Tse-tung and Lin Piao to shore up their sclerotic despotism by fomenting youthful revolution from the throne, to deploy the energies of youthful "rebellion" in service to the most rigid conformity. Resemblances to the New Left phenomenon in America are apparent on many counts—Marxian substance, dictatorial technique, and structural connection to senior orthodoxy. The Pan-de Jaegher narrative may be read for systematic instruction about the ills of Chinese society and flashes of insight into our own.

M. S. EVANS

LETTERS TO AN AMERICAN LADY, *by C. S. Lewis (Eerdmans, $3.95)*. I am unsure what a reader who is not, like me, a bit of a Lewis fanatic will make of this book. He may think that the lady of the title—whom Lewis never met, but whom he counseled and prayed for from 1952 till his death in 1963—was a nuisance of the first order, or at least a querulous, unattractive sort of a person. And, so thinking, he will find very little here besides an answer to querulousness. One can see how he might come to this conclusion, inaccurate though it is. These letters are almost solely letters of counsel, and are therefore centered on what has gone wrong. Lewis takes his correspondent up sharply sometimes, but he is mostly patient and what advice he gives I suspect was good. Yet this, no more than the lady's complaining, is what is primarily to be gotten from the letters. What this book triumphantly is, is an *example* of Christian life in action, a welcoming of the duty of counsel, a remarkable demonstration of Lewis's belief in the Way of Exchange. To any fanatic such as I am, of course, it is additionally delightful as being—beyond hope—a few more words from the pen of C. S. Lewis.

J. C. LOBDELL

YOU CAN MAKE THE DIFFERENCE, *by Lee and Anne Edwards (Arlington House, $6.95)*. Conservatives should consider themselves lucky that Lee and Anne Edwards are People Like Us. Between the two of them they have done everything from printing the programs to selling the tickets to filling in for flu victims on the chorus line—all because the conservative show must go on. Their message is simple: whatever your skills, whatever your lack of skills, there is a place for you in the conservative movement. With a communicable enthusiasm, they try to find it for you. Of particular inspiration to battle-fatigued veterans are the case histories of four successful conservative operations: YAF, the American Security Council, the National Right to Work Committee (which can claim with justice to have turned around the national legislature on a major issue), and the Conservative Book Club. A heuristic bibliography is appended (though I must admit I preferred Gottfried Dietze's original title to *In Defense of Poverty*).

N. B. FREEMAN

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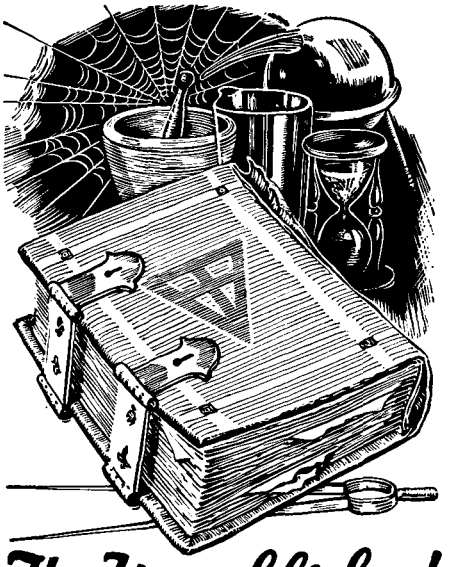

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

CREATIVE COOKIE BAKE

WHEN IS A COOKIE more than something to eat? When it has been made as a work of art, as a sculpture done with dough rather than clay, marble, bronze or what not. The man who first saw cookies (and breads) this way is Paul J. Smith, the immensely original director of New York's Museum of Contemporary Crafts. In 1966, he assembled an exhibit COOKIES AND BREADS, THE BAKER'S ART which was a howling success because it showed that cookies and breads are decorative objects, ranging from braided stars to painted dolls to chess sets to a turtle measuring 12 x 30 x 48 inches and a large, three dimensional castle. It also showed that each baker can invent his or her own design and decoration once he gets away from the idea that a cookie exists solely to be eaten.

From this exhibit sprang one of the most amusing parlor games, the Creative Cookie Bake. Even when the results are not as fascinating and startling as those of the Show, which came from America's foremost craftsmen, Creative Cookie Bakes enchant the most unlikely people, stockbrokers and dentists, fashion models and bookkeepers. I know, because I've run a number of them, after the model set up by Ilse Johnson, the well-known potter, who invented them for Mr. Smith's Show.

What you need for the event are masses of a sturdy cookie dough which will stand being pummeled. It should be both light and dark (of the gingerbread kind), and some should be colored with food coloring. The tools for making designs can be fingers, any textured kitchen or household object, nuts, bolts, rope and garlic presses for getting dough into fine strands used as hair, clouds and so on. The artists are sat at a table covered with paper strewn with flour to prevent the cookie dough from sticking. There they are let loose. After their cookies have been baked (which takes only ten minutes or so) they are returned to the creators for decorating with any of the standard cake and cookie decorating bits, such as sprinkles, cinnamon candies etc., or, if the baker does not care for edibility, any objects such as mirrors, beads, bottle tops, and what have you, as well as plain icing that each artist can tint to his heart's content as delicately or passionately as he wishes.

I ran such a Cookie Bake a few weeks ago at the Haystack Mountain School of Crafts in Deer Island, Maine, a most beautiful spot on the sea where professionals and seriously interested laymen create truly lovely things. Even here, among artists, it was not that easy to get them to think of cookies as something beside food. I noticed a difference between the Haystack cookies and those of ordinary people: those of the artists were far less neat and precise than those of laymen, presumably because artists, once they've grasped that cookie dough is just another material, use it freely, whereas laymen, instinctively, use it to make something appetizing to eat. Interesting too, in all cookie bakes, is to see how hard it is for people to create abstract forms, shapes and decorations that do not remind one of anything. Children are good at this, far better than adults, since their minds are still uncluttered by acceptance of something for no better reason than that it has always been that way. In any case, the Haystack event was a great success, and it was heartwarming to see how (as always) grown men and women, some of them famous, are just as pleased with having baked a cookie as any little child.

HOWEVER, dear readers, do not think that the world of food is an Elysian field, where experts stroll engaged in judicious dialogue on the nature of good food. Not so; there are ructions in what is an Establishment as much as anything else. The latest is the feud conducted single-handed by Mr. Michael Field, a cookbook author and owner of a cooking school, against Mr. Craig Claiborne, food editor of the *New York Times,* who remains shrouded in Olympic detachment.

It started with the appearance of the first volume of the Time-Life Books Food of the World Series. (As the author of one of the books in this series, on German food, I shall write at a later date of this unforgettable experience.) This series had been heralded in promotions of exceptional beauty and expense, and everybody in the food field was waiting for the books with bated breath. The czar of the test kitchens, who is responsible for all of the series' food and recipes, is Mr. Michael Field. For those of my readers who do not identify Mr. Field as readily as Mr. Claiborne, I want to say that Mr. Field gave up a career as a concert pianist for the world of food and that he works very hard at his new career.

The first volume of the Foods of the World series was *The Cooking of Provincial France* and Mr. Claiborne reviewed it as part of his job. Some say that the review was not kind; I say that the review was all too kind when it came to all the other erroneous information and omissions that could have been mentioned, from the fact that the cooking of Lyon, one of the most famous in Provincial France, is ignored, and that the cover picture of the book, said to be a dessert soufflé, looks remarkably like a meringue, whose texture is quite different from that of a souffié. I think I know why; soufflés, which collapse easily, are hell to photograph whereas meringues stay put. Mr. Field is said not to have liked the *New York Times* review, and he is also said to have brooded on revenge. It is certainly a fact that Mr. Field started a restaurant column in *McCall's* magazine, quite different from his previous writings for that publication. It started with listing the most over-rated restaurants in New York, and by coincidence, a number of these were restaurants praised by Mr. Claiborne in both his column in the *Times* and in his restaurant guide. The *cognoscenti* in the food field now await with interest Mr. Field's opinions on some of New York's most spectacular restaurants, such as the Four Seasons, The Forum of the Twelve Caesars, Charlie O's and others run by Restaurant Associates, a firm quite widely used by the Food of the World Series as consultants for the books. The party to launch the series was held at the Four Seasons, with much fanfare. Mr. Claiborne felt free not to admire some of these restaurants, and said so in print, and what with all this commotion, it will be educational to hear the views of the other expert, since nobody sees how he can ignore restaurants of such fame and prominence. Rumor also has it that Mr. Field will at last review Mr. Claiborne's *The New York Times Menu Cookbook* in his sporadic column in the *New York Review of Books,* though the book appeared as long ago as 1966. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The legislature of the Isle of Man	6 92 111 166 18 178 42
B. NaH_2PO_2	15 13 70 82 93 133 154 197 159 167 / 211 227 24
C. Thoroughgoing	31 213 72 134 2 52 94 110 193
D. One who executes without scruple his master's commands	17 85 207 196 76 55 4 91
E. Withdrew from the poker game	50 122 61 151 19 101 209 143 112
F. A coalescence or growing together of parts	57 132 206 186 170 182 77 21 119
G. A spotted leopardlike cat	71 30 116 12 88 214
H. Pertaining to a mode of living in which one organism is dependent on another for preparation of an environment in which it can live	89 34 39 58 164 56 87 97 113 223
I. Having fleshy stems	99 68 165 123 125 191 221 1 25 43 / 62 150
J. Anything that sharpens	161 194 41 86 117 49 188 102 173
K. Characterized by delay due to uncertainty of mind	104 47 75 100 120 137 152 215 23 60
L. An emperor of the Holy Roman Empire who was rather backward	109 138 192 224
M. Belonging or pertaining to a certain order of lizardlike reptiles	114 20 69 83 127 130 149 63 190 35 / 40 53 95 168 218 226
N. Scurrilous, grossly abusive (sounds like the 1964 hate campaign against Goldwater)	129 73 107 163 48 65 78 98 222 9 / 26
O. Order to which armadillos, sloths, and South American anteaters belong	136 220 195 185 139 105 179 22
P. Veneration	187 198 66 162 5 176 217 183 181
Q. Prepared or equipped again	204 201 3 96 64 189 177 158
R. First name of a hero of the American Revolution	208 171 146 28 32
S. A pompous, self-satisfied, and inflexible person	59 10 44 38 108 74 144 202 79 153 / 115 145
T. Professional man who will be socialized if certain politicians have their way	148 180 174 103 118 33 27 80 29
U. What very little money is at the races	225 51 212 67 36
V. A name applied to the Biblical land of Israel or Jerusalem	45 147 7 199 90 172
W. A comedy by William Congreve	84 37 106 11 175 205 54 46 216 135 / 16
X. To originate as a product of one's own contrivance	141 8 200 131 126 14
Y. Black coffee	169 140 203 128 157 160 121 210
Z. Aerial	184 142 81 124 155 219 156

See page 819 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 I	2 C	3 Q	4 D	5 P	6 A	7 V	8 X	9 N	10 S	11 W	12 G	13 B		14 X	15 B
16 W		17 D	18 A	19 E	20 M	21 F	22 O	23 K	24 B	25 I	26 N	27 T	28 R	29 T		30 G	31 C
32 R	33 T	34 H	35 M	36 U		37 W	38 S		39 H	40 M	41 J		42 A	43 I	44 S	45 V	46 W
47 K		48 N	49 J	50 E	51 U	52 C	53 M	54 W	55 D		56 H	57 F		58 H		59 S	60 K
61 E	62 I	63 M	64 Q	65 N	66 P	67 U		68 I	69 M	70 B	71 G	72 C	73 N	74 S	75 K	76 D	77 F
	78 N	79 S	80 T	81 Z		82 B	83 M	84 W	85 D		86 J	87 H	88 G		89 H	90 V	91 D
92 A		93 B	94 C	95 M	96 Q	97 H	98 N	99 I	100K	101E	102J	103T		104K	105O	106W	107N
	108S	109L	110C	111A	112E		113H	114M	115S	116G	117J	118T	119F	120K	121Y	122E	123I
124Z		125I	126X	127M	128Y		129N	130M	131X	132F		133B	134C	135W	136O		137K
138L	139O	140Y	141X	142Z	143E	144S		145S	146R	147V		148T	149M	150I	151E	152K	153S
154B	155Z		156Z	157Y	158Q		159B	160Y	161J	162P	163N		164H	165I		166A	167B
168M	169Y	170F		171R	172V	173J	174T		175W	176P	177O	178A		179O	180T	181P	182F
	183P	184Z	185O		186F	187P	188J	189O	190M	191I	192L		193C	194J	195O	196D	197B
198P	199V	200X	201Q	202S		203Y	204Q	205W	206F		207D	208R	209E	210Y	211B	212U	213C
214G	215K	216W	217P		218M	219Z	220O		221I	222N	223H	224L	225U	226M	227B		

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LUNDQUIST

(cont. from p. 806)

doing, he believed he had withdrawn all his sanction.

> It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous, wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him, but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support.

Clearly then, there would be no need, and indeed, there would be no way, for the Transcendentalist to enforce his rightness on others. Their moral theory so clearly indicates that the good proceeds from an inner knowledge, that coercion would be futile and contradictory. There is then, in principle at least, no danger in Thoreau's theory of the physical violence which has come to characterize contemporary civil disobedience.

Of course, one could object to this theory that any action, like paying taxes, done under physical compulsion does not reflect on the coerced actor. But one could also point to Augustine, to Thoreau, and to the Nuremburg judges, all of whom held that sometimes this is not enough. And that the more is civil disobedience. □

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 30)

(Phyllis) SCHLAFLY: (End of) THE LONG, HOT SUMMER:

Benjamin Spock, the baby-doctor . . . can't seem to outgrow his infantile attitude toward the Soviet threat. One wag predicted that he would be the New Left's candidate for Vice President of the United States and would run on the slogan, "It's Time for a Change."—from her book, SAFE —NOT SORRY.

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Warning From Steverino

On The Right

New York, July 26—Do you feel threatened? I mean, by the Right Wing? If not, you should be, or such in any case is the judgment of my favorite lost cause, Mr. Steve Allen. I have here a communication from him ("Dear Friend") asking for money for a little bureaucracy (tax exempt) called the Institute for American Democracy, whose literature is testimony to the neuroses of some very distinguished American liberals.

Mr. Allen's letter describes the threat from the Reactionary Right, and the need to expose it. The accompanying brochure has on page one a great big picture of Adolf Hitler addressing the storm troopers, and the legend: "It Can't Happen Here!—Or Can It?" It is truly strange, is it not, that American liberals should be talking about the possibility of Hitlerism in this country, inasmuch as they have always accused the right wing of harboring altogether fanciful fears concerning an Internal Menace.

And incidentally, if we are to believe Mr. Allen that it can happen here, surely we ought instantly to encourage, rather than discourage, the traffic in firearms? If a Hitler is around the corner, I for one desire a well-stocked little armory with which to greet the storm trooper when he comes calling. I have Mr. Allen's private telephone number, and herewith undertake to give him a ring after the Menace hits the East Coast, in plenty of time before it arrives in California.

Thus far one can smile at Mr. Allen and his illustrious co-adjutors (the letterhead includes great big he-men cosmopolite lawyers like Morris Abram, head of the American Jewish Committee; a former attorney general—Francis Biddle—and such types as Father John Cronin, Walter Reuther, Dore Schary, George Shuster, and Adlai Stevenson III. Adlai Stevenson IV will be signing such letters in a few years, if the storm troopers haven't got him by then.)

But the second page of the brochure becomes mischievous. Because there are pictures there, in exactly equal size, of nine persons identified as the "salesmen of the Radical Right" who presumably are striving to bring Hitler to this country. The first is the late George Lincoln Rockwell, and quite properly so inasmuch as that is exactly what he desired to do. Then there is the picture of a Ku Kluxer. And then pictures of Robert Welch, Billy James Hargis, Carl McIntire, General Walker, H. L. Hunt, Dan Smoot, Clarence Manion and Fred Schwarz.

Take the case of Dr. Schwarz. An Australian citizen of impeccable intelligence and courage who loathes every form of tyranny. The smile at the neuroses of the Steve Allens begins to wither at such an exercise in guilt by association. Mr. Abram, who is a partner in a senior law firm in New York City, presumably knows enough about the law of libel to wonder why he has not been visited by lawyers representing Dr. Schwarz. On the other hand, perhaps he and Steve Allen are unruffled. Perhaps they would be unruffled if a right-wing organization sent out a brochure warning of the peril of the Left, featuring photographs of Joseph Stalin, Fidel Castro, and Steve Allen. Yet somehow I think—to judge from past experience—that if such a thing happened, I would very soon receive an indignant letter from Mr. Allen asking me to join him in denouncing the irresponsible Right.

To be sure, the brochure does announce its opposition to "Extremists of the Left." By name, it identifies the Communist Party, the Progressive Labor Party, RAM, the Black Muslims, W.E.B. DuBois Clubs, and the Youth Against War and Fascism. All very safe, but hardly a complementary rendering. If you are going to include such as Clarence Manion and Fred Schwarz on the Right, why not include John Kenneth Galbraith and Eugene McCarthy on the Left? See what I mean? □

WORLD COUNCIL SNAFU

New York, July 22—The World Council of Churches has made the headlines by endorsing the principle of selective objection to "particular" wars. The effect of that resolution is to put the sanction of organized Protestant Christianity behind the movement to permit individuals to select the wars they desire to participate in. The practical effect, for instance in this country, is to assist the campaign of which the Reverend William Sloane Coffin is the most conspicuous spokesman: to encourage the defiance of the laws of the United States which at this moment permit the government to conscript an army in order to implement its foreign policy.

THE ARGUMENT for civil disobedience is, in other words, greatly assisted. The dissenter will now take comfort in being able to say that, to be sure he is breaking the law as narrowly understood, but the law is an unjust law, *vide* the World Council of Churches. Theoretically it is of no matter that there should be differences between positive and religious law. In fact, laws that defy strongly asserted religious positions are greatly weakened, particularly in an age of moral opportunism.

The moral problem posed by the World Council is, in the long run, even more disturbing than the political problem. The Council's declaration has the effect of saying that wars are justified if they are wars of personal passion. That statement is profoundly anti-Christian and indeed recidivist, suggesting the spirit of the more fanatical Crusaders. The Christian doctrine as understood during the Enlightenment is that all wars should be painful and, in human terms, objectionable (love thine enemy). Wars are justified only under clinical circumstances, e.g. and primarily, in order to defend sacred things of great value, to use the phrase of Pius XII; to defend the homeland.

But who is to decide when those things of great value are threatened? The Western practice is that such decisions are made by elected governments. Under the reasoning of the Council what matters is the individual attitude towards a particular war. The individual becomes not merely the absolute moral arbiter on whether he is (as a pacifist) prepared to commit violence under any circumstances: but whether he is prepared to commit violence under this particular circumstance. In other words, if he disagrees with the political reasoning of the duly consti-

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uted authorities, he is, by the Council's reasoning, free to cut himself out.

An extension of this view of the individual's sovereignty is pretty frightening. The state is, in the general moral understanding, permitted under given circumstances (e.g. Eichmann) to take a man's life, say for the crime of genocide. But the individual is never permitted to do so. Why not?—if the individual is supreme. If a Christian is going to deny the role of the impartial mechanism of the state in making binding decisions involving the use of violence—whether war, or electrocution, or the use of tear gas—then what is to prevent the individual from asserting his own conscience at such moments when that conscience declares that he believes violence to be necessary?

Are we not being driven, by the well-meaning lords spiritual of the World Council, back whence we came so painfully: back to the age when wars were holy wars (burn the heretics!) and individual acts of violence were the accepted protocols of ultimate moral self-assertion?

The World Council is continuing in the general march of organized Christianity towards a confused sort of secular idealism. The other two recommendations call for admitting Red China to the United Nations, concerning which problem the Council is as equipped to speak as Groucho Marx is to remove an infected appendix; and a call for the economic boycotting of racist nations, which is a splendid way to increase world misery and, considering that the majority of the nations of the world are racist in one sense or another, to drive the nations of the world towards the autarky which the world-minded Council theoretically opposes.

It is a pity, the mess the gentlemen are promoting. □

HAVE WE BECOME UNGOVERNABLE?

New York, July 28 — The London *Sunday Times* features an extensive article entitled "How the Democrats are tearing themselves apart" which leads off with a startling quotation, or rather misquotation, from Mr. Gerry Bush of the staff of Mr. Hubert Humphrey. "We can win the nomination in Chicago okay," Bush is quoted as saying in behalf of Humphrey. "We can win the election in November. But then—can we govern the country?"

Mr. Bush is identified in the article as "an able young Democrat who has emerged as one of the most effective members of Presidential candidate Hubert Humphrey's campaign team. His concern was serious, and he is not alone."

Actually, says Mr. Bush, his stated worries were by no means confined to the difficulties that a Humphrey Administration would have in governing the country. He meant that the serious question has arisen: can *anyone* govern the country? I asked him whether he agreed with the thesis that what one might call the McCarthy wing of American politics has acquired a singular leverage, inasmuch as they are the people who threaten ungovernability, not the others. If Hubert Humphrey is elected President, the followers of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan are not going to start burning down their Union League clubs or their Masonic lodges. But some of the followers of Eugene McCarthy are, as some of them have put it, disposed to burn, baby, burn. Does this mean that the unruly Left has maneuvered into a position whence blackmail is effectively exerted? Vote our man in—or else we shall disrupt the republic?

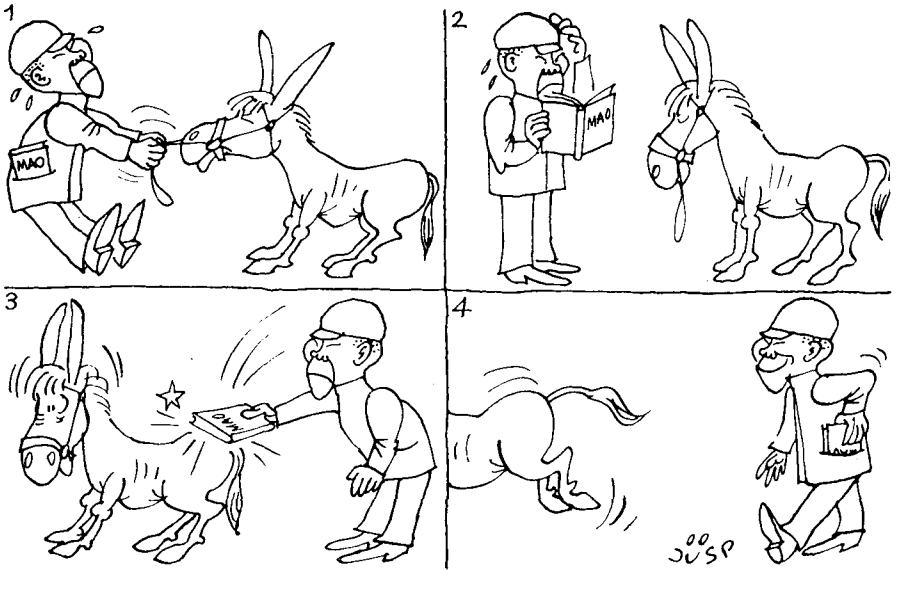
MR. BUSH shrinks from what he calls a partisan rendering of his misgivings, and indeed he remarked dutifully that the threat of disruption from the right is potentially just as great as from the left. We couldn't, in the few minutes' conversation over the telephone, come up with any right-wing analogue of the doctors and preachers who are calling for civil disobedience, or of the students who prevent other students from exercising their civil rights and who occupy whole campuses (Mr. Bush came into government via UCal in Berkeley), or of the left-winger who every now and then shoots a President, or a Presidential aspirant.

One has to go back to the Ku Klux Klan to come up with Violence on the Right: but the Klan and its following is, blessedly, diminishing, and even George Wallace disdains any association with it. An extreme right wing which was unsuccessful in getting a single congressman to call for the impeachment of Earl Warren is not likely to make America ungovernable.

No, Mr. Bush—and Mr. Humphrey presumably—are on to something very important and very alarming, and are understandably reluctant to acknowledge that the trouble tends to come from people whose votes they will shortly be soliciting: the American Left. It is only true that the American Right is a possible source of disorder in the sense that the American Right, at the margin, would no doubt resort to force in order to re-establish order. In that sense, it can be said that the American Right is as much of a threat to America as the generals were to Argentina and Brazil who finally got around to kicking out Perón and Goulart.

Would Senator McCarthy himself contribute to the dissolution of government? Would he run on a separate ticket? "At the moment," says the *Times*, "he says no—and must, of course, till convention time. But he says he might support it. If the year has established anything about that complex personality, it is that McCarthy is most dangerous when he thinks he has been double-crossed, as when Robert Kennedy moved in after New Hampshire, or his New York supporters were railroaded a few days ago. Each time his staff detected a renewed appetite for battle; and a raw deal in Chicago or on the way to Chicago, might well shatter his loyalty to the Democratic Party." Leaving only his loyalty to the republic. □

(Washington Star Syndicate Inc.)



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FOR THE RECORD

■ And so, Miami! **Harold Stassen** got there first of all the candidates (how else to get the play?) . . . **Nixon** arrived with all systems go, pollwise: **Gallup,** in last week in July, found him favorite of Republican voters by 60 per cent; running ahead of both Democratic contenders: 2 per cent ahead of **Humphrey,** 5 per cent ahead of **McCarthy.** . . . Commented Gov. **John Chafee** of Rhode Island (a Rockefeller booster) when he saw the figures: "It's very discouraging. . . . very bad news." Nixon also got last minute endorsement of **David McDonald,** former head of U.S. Steelworkers, because "we need a man of his leadership and frankly, his guts, in the White House today." McDonald has been a Democrat since 1936. . . . Confidential **Evans-Novak** political report had dropped Nixon from impressive 9 to 1 shot to 5 to 1 shot. . . . **George Romney,** making darn sure he wouldn't be brainwashed again, found Nixon, **Rockefeller** and **Reagan** unsatisfactory and sent a carload of his New Hampshire campaign material to Miami—just in case. . . . And **Percy** chose Rocky. . . Final week before Miami saw spate of major news stories on Reagan's sudden increase in delegate strength (**Clif White** is a genius). . . . Rockefeller's own polls showed, predictably, that he is the one for everyone. . . . Odds against **Lindsay** were quoted as 100 to 1 if a major deadlock develops.

■ On the Democratic side, reports from Europe indicate many influential people there still believe **Lyndon Johnson** is in the race, that at the last moment **Humphrey** will bow out for him. . . . The ADA made it final last week: it formally endorsed **Eugene McCarthy** and spurned its own co-founder and loyal friend, Hubert Humphrey, as "man of the past." . . . For what it's worth the Communist *Daily World* is mildly pro-McCarthy, bitterly anti-HHH. . . . Only Democratic bigshot assured of phone service as of now in Chicago is Johnson. Striking phone workers will make exception for him because he's the Prez.

■ Attorney General **Ramsey Clark** found no evidence of a national conspiracy in recent racial violence (see The WEEK). Said **Philip Hutchings,** national leader of SNCC: The Cleveland shootings "signal a move from resistance to revolution" by Negroes. . . . **J. Edgar Hoover** reveals that the **Students for a Democratic Society** convention in East Lansing last month included a workshop on subversion and sabotage, "the use of combustible materials, various types of bombs, the finer points of firing Molotov cocktails from shotguns." **Michael Klonsky,** SDS national chairman, confirms that such a workshop was held, saying the convention was "so structured that anyone who wished to set up a workshop could do so." . . . The New Left **Peace and Freedom Party** (which is different from New York's Freedom and Peace Party) will hold its nominating convention at the end of the month. It expects to be on ballot in nineteen states by November. . . . Latest to report on North Vietnam in Communist-prone *Guardian* is playwrigh **Peter Weiss** *(Marat/Sade).* Sample o his findings: American bombers aim their attacks at "civilian populations their cultural, social and economic bases; their dwellings, properties homes, fields, crops, orchards and do mestic animals. . . . These attacks are acts of extermination; they are acts o genocide. . . ." etc. etc.

The Sun, London — Ben Roth Agency

"If our train is much later fares will have gone up again."

■ **Malaysia** and **Thailand** don't think the war is nearly over in Southeas Asia: they've just signed mutual secur ity pact. . . . **Carl Rowan** in syndicated column claims sudden increase in U.S planes shot down over North Vietnam can be attributed to two crack Red Chinese antiaircraft units. Rowan say there are 50,000 Peking troops in North Vietnam. . . . Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** of Cambodia is now threatening to submit 11 U.S. crewmen from a patrol boat that strayed into Cambodian waters on July 16 to "the treatmen provided by Cambodian law." . . . **National Committee for Responsible Patriotism** (Commodore Hotel, 109 E 42nd St., N.Y. 10017) kicked off drive to get a million signatures on resolution urging U.S. to take action to free the *Pueblo* crew. Project Chairman Charle Wiley comments: "The men of the *U.S.S. Pueblo* have lost half a year o their lives in a Communist prison. They must not be forgotten."

■ India's **snake charmers** in trouble Government ban on snake charming outside New Delhi's tourist hotels threatens to put an end to an old and honored profession.

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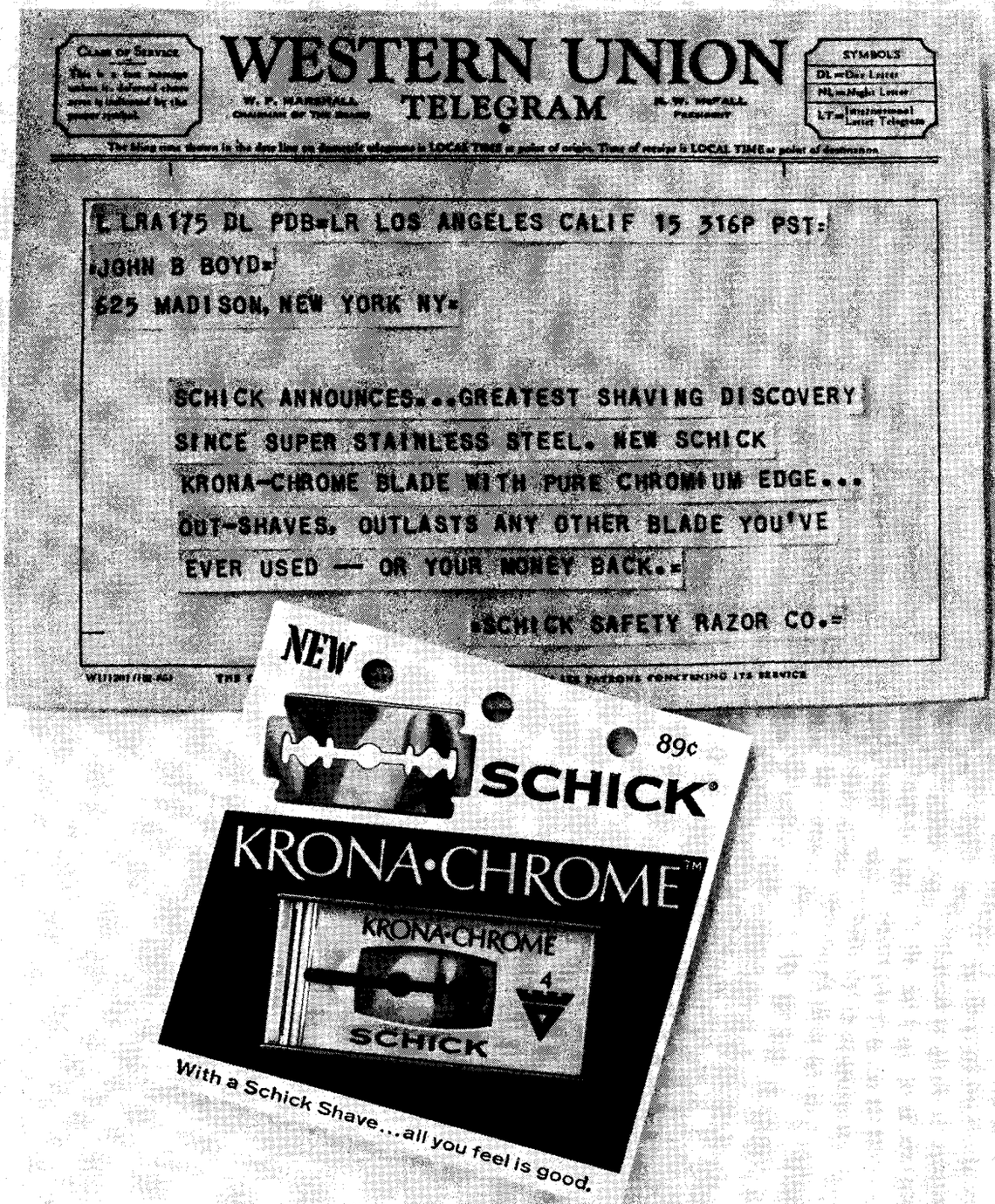

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We make a good Bourbon—Beam's Choice.

We've been making good Bourbon since 1795. So we know what goes into it.

And what it takes.

Part of what it takes is a recipe that's older than your great grandfather. And the patience to wait eight years while it's aged and charcoal-filtered to a perfect smoothness that entitles it to the name "choice."

The result isn't evil, it's beautiful.

But unfortunately some people handle it all wrong. They're the kind of people who, even when they know what's good for them, usually decide to do the opposite.

You're probably not one of them. Most people aren't.

But it wouldn't hurt for us to remind you that every man has his limit. And he knows what it is.

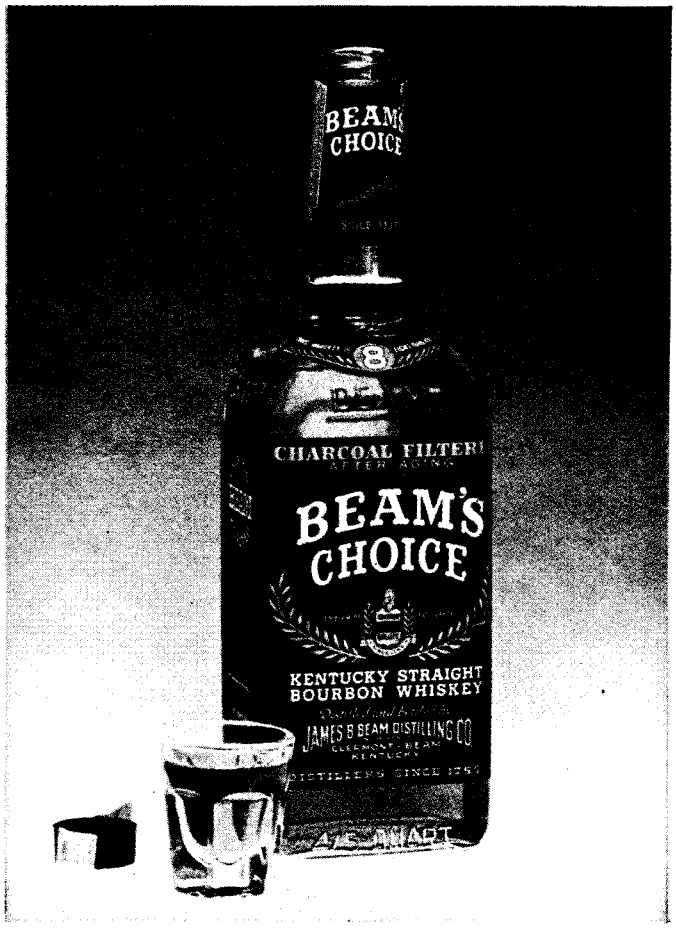
And beyond that, he just can't appreciate the taste of good Bourbon.

With a Bourbon like Beam's Choice, that's a terrible waste.

It's like the man who orders a double helping of foie gras. Or a chateaubriand for two—for one. Or three dozen escargots in garlic butter.

When you reach a certain point, you lose your taste for the finer things in life. You become jaded.

And that, as any connoisseur will tell you, is just about the most evil thing you can do.



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